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Christ Blessing the Little Children



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



CONGRESS has had a lively time organizing itself for business. The sixty-eighth in line of succession has about completed the job of finding out "who's who," as far as committees are concerned. Legislation seems to begin and end with a committee decree—and that decree is still proclaimed by the chairman as a directive power. There was the usual rush for a change of the rules. Rules must change even as the style and fashion of women's hats, and serve to disintegrate any accumulative power.

Speaker Gillette was re-elected and Nicholas Longworth is in the "little room" just off the right-hand corridor leading to the floor of the House, which has always been occupied by the man who directs legislation for the majority party. On Representative Longworth's desk had accumulated a mass of letters and newspaper clippings, which indicates that he is not going to have a lonesome time as far as contact with the outside public is concerned, to say nothing of the friendly visitors that drop in now and then with something on their mind.



THERE was not much accomplished in the actual working hours on the floor of the House, but the pages of the *Congressional Record* go merrily to press. The new directory is aglow with the biographies of one hundred and forty-three new Congressmen and eighteen new Senators. Modesty seems to be the prevailing impulse in furnishing the material for the recruits who are to add fame to the record of the Sixty-Eighth Congress. Now the new members are well settled in their committee rooms and are finding out that all is not glory in the life of a Congressman. The hum-drum of routine work and the insistent demands of constituents keeps the typewriters busy and leaves little time for philosophic reflection or social ambitions.

The first reception given at the White House by President Coolidge was to members of Congress. Fitting that it should have been so, for it proved to be a sort of get-acquainted for the new members, and an opportunity for the veterans to show the under-graduates in the "freshman" class how they should act when they reach the distinction of seniority in service, which usually demonstrates how successfully they can keep the votes coming back at home rather than how efficient their work may be at Washington.



WHEN Paderewski appears in Washington, he is given the welcome of a statesman. The honor and distinction due a patriot and the first Premier of the re-born Poland is accorded him. Critics sit in amazement and soft pedal as

he pounds hard and cracks a few strings, for Paderewski is a player of power—physical, as well as technical. His strong left arm works well with his right and he gets out all there is in a piano—but his fame rests upon his expression of heart and soul.

There is something picturesque and winsome in his personality. Still insisting that if he was to start life again he would have a walnut farm in California, indicates his loyalty, both to sunny California and his captivating America. He does not forget that it was America who heard his appeals through the keys of the piano when Poland was in need of a friend.



IGNACE PADEREWSKI

Poland's first Premier and the World's Premier Pianist
who received the honors of a statesman in Washington

In the organization of the Poland Legion and his unflagging devotion to the cause of his native land, Paderewski, first and last, stands out as a patriot supreme. He has made classical



Harris & Ewing

GENERAL CHARLES H. SHERRILL

Diplomat and Author, former United States Minister to Argentina

linger and he continues his communion with the muse, not forgetting the practical bread and butter side of making a living—and raising walnuts.



WHEN Charles H. Sherrill, responding to a toast at the banquet of the Sphinx Club the other night in New York, insisted that "Calvin Coolidge could qualify as a member," he evidenced that rare touch of humor characteristic of the man. Born in Washington, he early caught the broad spirit of national and international life. General Sherrill after receiving his degree from Yale began to make the U. S. A. his text book. After practising law in New York a number of years, he was appointed United States Minister to Argentina. His record as a Minister there stands out in the annals of the state department. Ill health compelled him to decline the Ambassadorship of Japan and caused his retirement.

General Sherrill was Brigadier-General and Adjutant-General of the National Guard of the State of New York and was in charge of the United States Draft Board. Later as Colonel on the Staffs of Governors Odell and Higgins, he was further identified with the National Guard development. The recipient of many honors from abroad, including the Legion of Honor (France), Order of Leopold I (Belgium), Grand Officer Order of White Eagle (Serbia), General Sherrill won many laurels in the diplomatic field.

music popular, and his "Minuet" is the acme of achievement for the aspiring pianist—for he is a Democrat to the finger tips. Age does not seem to wither nor custom stale his artistic powers. The people must see and hear Paderewski, for his is the universal message that reaches all hearts. He naively confesses that the more he visits and remains in America, the more he feels that the United States has not yet begun to realize fully the scope of its destiny. In that connection he has said:

America will not neglect the development of music and art, for associated with them are the ideals and visions necessary for the full realization of America's greatness.

Paderewski remains the same as in the old days. The leonine locks

Active in a literary way, his books entitled "Stained Glass Tours in France, England and Italy" and "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine" and his comments on the Far Eastern Policy, indicated a broad experience that led to his success in the United States foreign service. General Sherrill is not only a student, but keeps in touch with the practical phases of domestic business development in its relation to foreign trade. Living in New York, he has graced many an occasion with his wit in after-dinner talks and has been active in the work of the Republican party with which he has been associated many years.



VICE-PRESIDENT Marshall has returned to Washington to look upon the "New Follies," as he calls it, and is cheerful of the future, because he has discovered that there is a good five-cent cigar on sale and coupons are again coming with cigarettes. In the meantime, the moulders of public opinion are working away with chisel and hammers in Washington, while the people are doing just a little thinking of their own. Their real interest centers around the action of the Secretary of the Treasury, knowing that as goes Uncle Sam's affairs, up or down, so goes individual prospects of financial well-being. After all is said and done, there is a satisfactory feeling when



WILLIAM G. McADOO (WITH FRANK A. VANDERLIP)
The "White Hope" of the Democratic party in the coming Presidential campaign

incomes exceed outgoing expenses and the "cellar" is provided for—with coal—and the attic is alluring with proofs of "new furniture" this year.



WHEN Henry M. Dawes walked into the Comptroller's office and took his oath, it just seemed as if he had always been there. His brother, General Charles G. Dawes was Comptroller during McKinley's administration. Henry Dawes is a modest young man with plenty of energy and push and very genial. He has been successful in private business and agrees that altogether it is a pretty good old world if you adjust yourself to conditions. He has the intrepid spirit of his father, General Rufus R. Dawes, a Union war veteran, and his forebear, the Dawes who rode with Paul Revere on that famous ride to Lexington. Thoroughly conversant with all the angles of banking, he has already proven that he knows how to act quickly in the interest of depositors and conserve for them what financial wreckers thrive upon. He started in the lumber business, succeeding his father, and early indicated his genius as a financier when he went to the bank and made a large loan to carry on the business on his own resources.

Active in the building of public utilities in Illinois, he was also associated with his brother in the Central Trust Company of Chicago. With a cool and even temperament and knowledge of human relations, his administration of the Comptroller's office will be broad-minded and generous and not a matter of personal prejudice—keeping in mind the one thing, to always conserve the constructive resources of the country, and keep the doors of opportunity wide open.

His close connection with the Federal Reserve Board is a power that will first conserve the interests of the people as well as those of the bankers as agents for the people and custodians of their savings.

The work of the Comptroller of the Currency has become more complicated than ever, for now he is the Federal regulator of banking at a critical moment in the history of national banks. There are many bankers, but not so many who understand finance. The question is: Are the National Banks to remain the chief factor in American banking in spite of all the changes that are bound to come?

Mr. Dawes feels that the general extension of branch banking is a very great menace to the National banks, and unless this tendency is curbed, it may mean the eventual elimination from their previous controlling influence in American banking. If this is done, eventually privately controlled branch banking systems will be substituted for the present National Bank and Federal Reserve Systems.

The administration of Comptroller Henry Dawes bids fair to add an important chapter in the records of United States Comptrollers of Currency, who have always played an important part in the financial history of the country.

In the room of the Comptroller of the Currency are the pictures of three former Comptrollers whose names all appear in the Chicago Directory—three of whom hailed from the town of Evanston, Illinois. The portrait of his brother, Comptroller General Charles G. Dawes, Comptroller during the McKinley administration, looks down upon him over his shoulder. In front of him is the portrait of Comptroller Lacey and Comptroller J. H. Eckles. General Charles G. Dawes, Mr. Lacey, and the present Comptroller, Henry M. Dawes, all lived in Evanston, while Mr. Eckles hailed from Chicago.

The room adjoins with the one occupied by his brother. There is a plush-covered alcove which indicates a throne. It looks regal, but is nothing more than a glorified wash-stand camouflaged. There is a plain, direct air of business about the office. Even the looking glass and the old marble fireplace suggests a conception of Governmental magnificence in office adornment in days gone by.

The Treasury Building was located by President Andrew

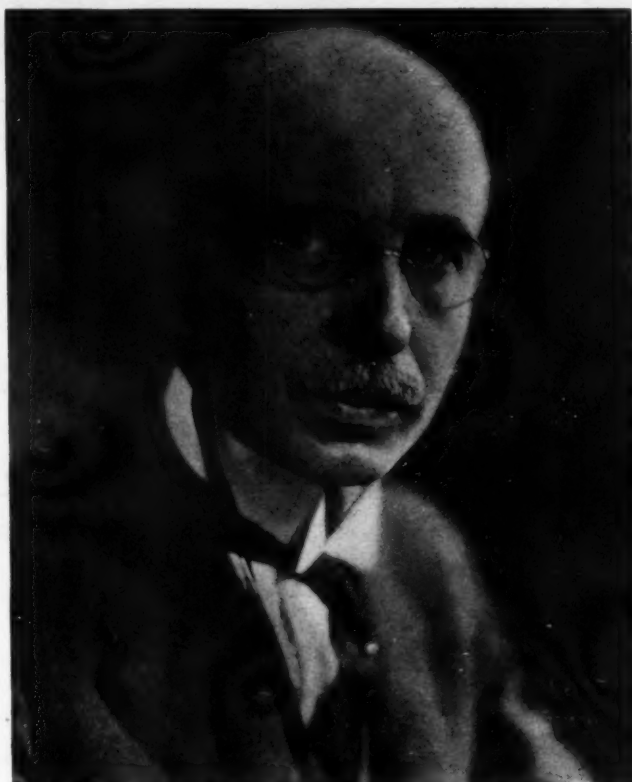


Photo by Chambers Studio, Chicago

HENRY M. DAWES

Comptroller of the Currency, a business man and banker of wide experience

Jackson, after taking a smash into the national banks. This explains why it runs the zigzag of Pennsylvania Avenue. Andrew Jackson was not noted for his intelligence on matters outside of leading an army to victory.

When the surveyors were trying to convince him where the building should be located, he rushed out, put his cane in the mud and said:

"Build that building here."

It was built there, for he had figured that he wanted it just so far distant from the Capitol.

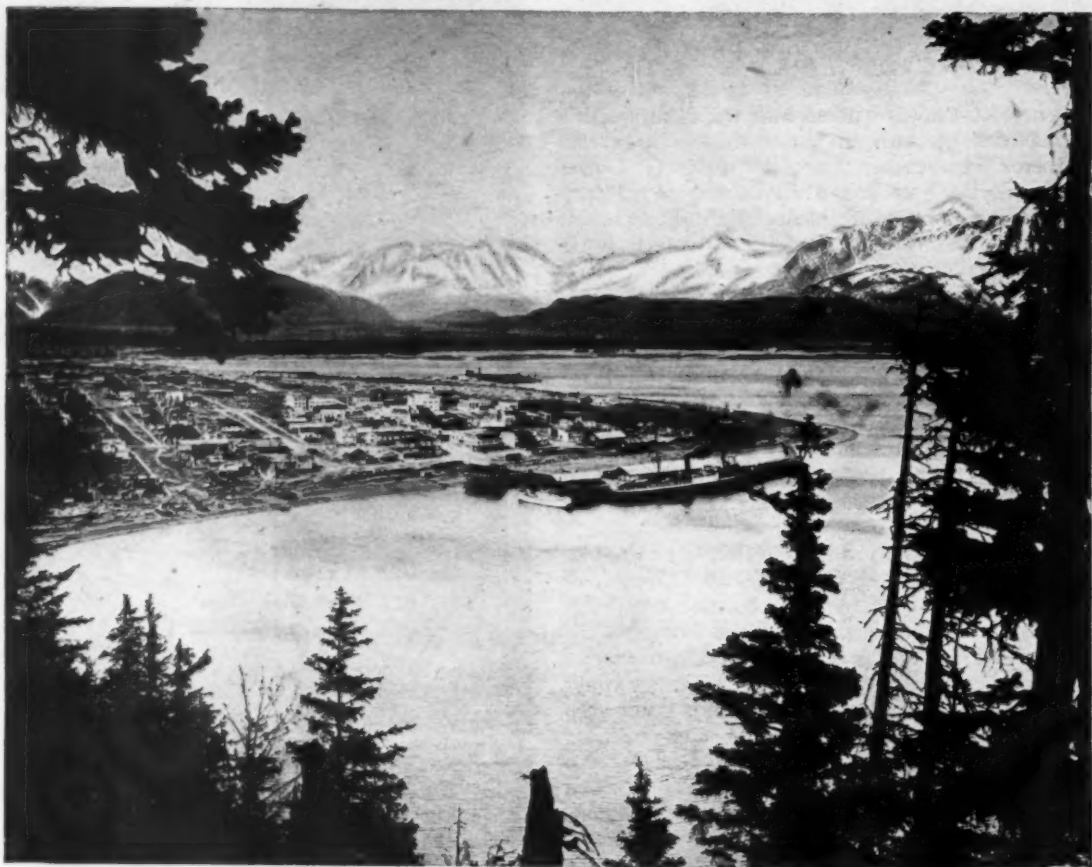
"I want the Treasury Building at least a mile away from Congress on Capitol Hill."

Pennsylvania Avenue now reveals the crook or bend swinging around the Treasury Building, recalling the iron will and arbitrary dominance of Andrew Jackson in the White House. His equestrian statue in the park opposite the White House is a constant reminder of "Old Hickory" and his strong will.

The room of the Comptroller of the Currency adjoins that of Governor Crissenger of the Federal Reserve Board, where the stability of the banks and the equilibrium of the country is maintained by the cool-headed man who conducts business in the rooms along the dark checker-boarded corridor of the Treasury Building.



KING ONION is having his day and holding sway. The onion fad is on. Every returning pilgrim from Bermuda is impressed with the fact that "an onion a day will keep two doctors away"; in fact, it will keep everybody away—the young ladies calculate on Sunday evening. That tradition is now exploded. When onion breath meets onion breath there is natural affinity. The onion is declared the king of vegetables. It is a consoling scientific fact that one thing that can't be reproduced in the mind is the sense of smell. If you smell something, you can't recall it; it may be suggested, but



Copyright,
The
Alaska
Shop

Bird's-eye view of Seward—the seaward terminus of the Alaskan railroad. Seward is the gateway to interior Alaska, with the finest harbor on the Pacific Coast, and an "almost perfect climate"



Copyright,
Kadel &
Herbert

Juneau, lying on the shores of Gastineau Channel, is the capital city of a territory containing 590,880 square miles, with a greater variety of natural resources than any other area owned by the United States

you can't reproduce that smell, as the nasal nerve refuses to repeat. The onion boom is coincident with the discovery of King Tut's tomb, for onion is the most ancient and honored of all vegetables, coming from Egypt. There is no doubt of a time when the perfume of onions supplemented the scented perfumes of Arabia—but the Sunday dinner without onions is not considered sociable. To many just a little more taste is attracted by that favorite onion. Boiled or fried, French-fried or stewed, creamed or raw, in sauce or salad, the onion is the vegetable universal. There is a Senator in Washington who has for his lunch every day one raw onion and has boiled onions for his dinner.

What is a more refreshing evidence of springtime than the green onion? Remember that an onion is sensitive and should never be cut, for once cut it is an antiseptic and absorbs everything around it. There are undertakers and doctors who carry onions about when they go out among contagious cases. They don't need a disinfectant, for the onion will absorb. The outside skin hermetically seals the luscious, tasteful juices.

The onion that is now holding sway is the "Ebenezer." It has an interesting history. "Ebenezer" is now the favorite of Peter Peerbolte, the onion set king of America. It is as solid as a rock and has a skin that is almost bullet-proof and as enduring as the parchment of the Pharaohs. Years ago the seed was brought to the United States by a woman missionary from Egypt. It was first grown in New York State, and the farmer who grew it watched it develop from a seed. The name recalls the old hymn "I Have My Ebenezer."

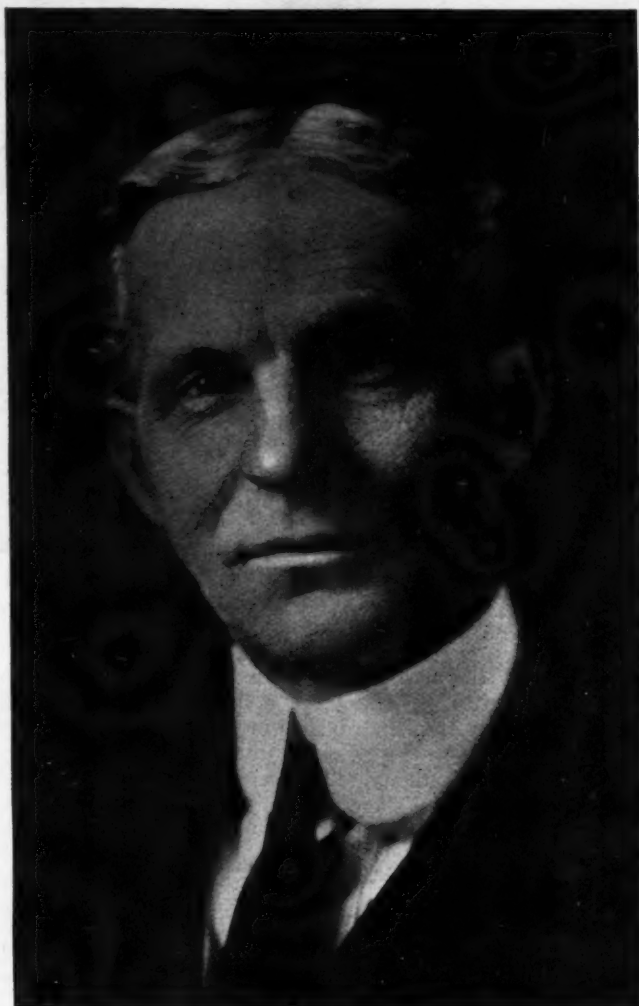
Ninety per cent of all the onion sets in the country are grown in Cook County, Illinois, and forty per cent of all the onion sets produced in the world are handled by Peter Peerbolte—so he knows something about onions. Now if Luther Burbank's genius may be evoked to give us an odorless onion, it may meet the pathetic "Yes We Have No Bananas"—and give them onions.

Who can ever forget a visit to Irapatka, Mexico, where you eat young onions by the score? What would the "chilly con cone" be without the chopped onions? Would a jar of pickles ever command respect without onions? Think of that onion sandwich on Saturday night and the chop suey and the subtle medicinal qualities of onions. They are all too well established to be denied even by those with noses that carry a psychological objection to onions. Hydrated onion salt is now provided so that one can sprinkle onions dried and pulverized on your food, like a dash of pepper, and dine like Lucullus or Epicurus, reproducing the rich aroma of Roman feasts, with a reminder of Marc Antony's original toast, "Long live the onion!"



DURING the first week in December the American people began building a memorial to Warren G. Harding in their hearty response in thought and deed. The calm, sweet voice of Harding was heard again in the words expressed in his will: "Only a marker for my grave." But the people of America decreed otherwise, in honoring this friend of humanity, supremely unselfish in his expression of the true humility which we love to associate with our memories of Lincoln. Twenty million school children, together with every individual who felt the heart pang when the radio flashed the news, "The President is dead," united in this memorial of loving hearts to Harding, the Master of Kindness.

Plans are now assured of a fitting shrine for Warren G. Harding that will rank in all respects with those of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley and Roosevelt. He, too, has joined the invisible, but ever-living galaxy of greatness. From the unknown of three brief years ago he has passed on to the Known for all time through the power of friendliness. The shrine at Marion, and the provision for scholarships in various



HENRY FORD

His definite withdrawal from the arena of the Presidential contest and his clear and outspoken statement upon the political situation as he sees it, is looked upon in many quarters as almost a sure augury of Mr. Coolidge's election

colleges and universities, is the culmination of this wonderful week's work accomplished under the direction of the beloved and loyal friends who constitute the Harding Memorial Commission, with headquarters at Washington.



WHEN Representative Daniel Sutherland of Alaska talks about the great territory nowadays in Washington, he finds many corroborative listeners. President Harding's trip has already been fruitful of results. Speaker Gillette was over the Fairbanks Trail—he felt every bump in the road in a springless Ford. Secretary Wallace knows his agricultural Alaska and finds there the same problem as elsewhere—markets. Secretary Hoover has taken hold of the fisheries (the most valuable of all Alaskan resources) and closed the streams to wanton waste of salmon. Secretary Work has the one thousand miles of the Alaskan railroad on his hands with a fair-sized deficit to face—he is looking for tourist business, and if the Shipping Board will co-operate, there ought to be double the number of visitors in 1924. When the Harding party sailed July 5, 1923, it is reported there was not another berth or room available for a trip to Alaska. Of all the national parks under the control of Uncle Sam, there are none that afford more natural splendor than alluring Alaska.



This is a typical Fairbanks house constructed of plastered logs, warm and comfortable in the long sunless winter and surrounded by a profusion of bright flowers throughout the hot summer months

SOMEHOW the map of Alaska looks different to those who have been there. The Aviation Service is still planning to bring Alaska within one day's journey of Washington—from dawn to dusk—from the sunrise to the sunset of a long summer's day—the four thousand miles air-line route is within the range of possibility. There are many inquiries from young men concerning homesteads in the great interior along the Alaskan railroad. Skagway with its historic memories of the gold rush is today a popular and alluring tourist center. Seward, the charming, with land-locked-all-the-year-harbor lying just behind the "Harding Gateway" of Resurrection Bay, is an objective. The bustling little town of Anchorage nearby keeps on boosting with hopes of becoming the Capital City. Juneau, the stately capital, is alive to holding its place on the map and still claims the distinction of metropolis as well as the capital of Alaska. The new government building to house the Alaska legislature is still hanging fire, but there were enough Congressmen and Senators who visited in Alaska last summer to insure action in the sixty-eighth Congress.



IN an address in Boston, Eliot Wadsworth, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, indicated that the problems faced by the Federal government were very similar to those of any business organization.

"The Treasury deals with the question of the national finances in much the same way as does the treasurer of a corporation. In 1921 expenditures were five-and-one-half billions; last year and this year, well under four billions. These are large figures and the most strenuous effort has been made to reduce them. The Budget System, installed in 1921, has proved of inestimable value in the reducing process. In fact without it I hardly see how the work could go on.

"To cut the expenses of a home or a government, you must first find what items are subject to reduction. A study of the Federal expenses soon shows that there are certain large items which are hard to cut. In the fiscal year of 1922 the following four accounts made up 55 per cent of our total cost of operation:

Interest on Public Debt	\$991,000,000
Sinking Fund and other debt charges against ordinary receipts	422,000,000
Veterans' Bureau	407,000,000
Pensions	254,000,000
Total	\$2,074,000,000

"Reducing annual interest on the Public Debt offers just the same problem as reducing the annual interest on a mortgage on your house. You can accomplish it by paying off part of the mortgage or by getting a lower rate of interest. Both methods have been applied to our national interest charge. The amount of the debt has been reduced since March, 1921, by \$1,900,000,000, and in the refinancing of over seven billion dollars of maturing debt, carried on with such extraordinary skill by Secretary Mellon, the rate of interest has been lowered. The appropriation for interest asked for in the 1925 budget is \$890,000,000, or \$101,000,000 less than the interest charges of 1922. This is making real progress in dealing with the largest and most burdensome item in our budget."

Veterans' Bureau expense will continue. It represents the payment of our just debt to the men who were disabled in the Great War. Some little

reduction will come in the cost, due to the fact that many men are finishing their vocational training, but the compensation payments, medical care and insurance losses cannot be cut down.

Pensions are paid in accordance with the law. The cost does not seem to drop as the years go by. On June 30, 1923, there were 539,756 pensioners. Among them you will find 40 widows of the War of 1812; 49 soldiers and 1,636 widows of the War with Mexico; 3,923 soldiers and 2,828 widows of the Indian Wars between 1817 and 1891.

A sweeping reduction in the general tax rate is something to be devoutly hoped for by all classes. The spectre of prohibitory taxes assessed on the earnings of invested capital is like a clutching hand at the throat of industry—choking the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The results speak for themselves. The Federal Government has shown a surplus of income over expenditures of about \$310,000,000 for each of the past two years, and now Secretary Mellon has announced that it is safe to reduce income by a cut in taxes. Could anything be more welcome at the present time than the news that taxes may be reduced without danger to our financial structure. The problem of how and when is in the hands of Congress.



ONE thing that greatly impressed President Harding in Alaska was the cosy little log bungalows surrounded by flowers and vines. They are snug retreats during the long winter nights. The vision of Circle City on the banks of the Yukon, where Rex Beach and other Alaskan authors remained during the winter and attained the distinction of "sour-doughs" comes to the mind of those who have visited the Yukon when the cold blizzards swoop down on us from the Alaskan Gulf.

Reindeer meat from Alaska is now found on the bill of fare in New York, Washington, Boston and Chicago restaurants. The meat is especially adaptable for canning and has all the rich flavor of boiled beef. Over three hundred thousand reindeer are now on the ranges in Alaska, living entirely on moss winter and summer and furnishing rapid transit for Alaskans, that suggests the annual tour of the Merry Santa Claus—Kris Kringle en route. The tinkling bells ringing out and the grunts of an approaching reindeer herd is not so poetic—it sounds like a lot of pigs. Nature has certainly provided a food supply in abundance in Alaska, the alluring land of isolation.

A Notable Contribution to Letters

Cardinal O'Connell, man of myriad attainments, of broad sympathies, of human understanding, visible head of the Catholic Church in America, writes enthralling memoirs covering a lifetime of observation and devotion

A PERMANENT and notable addition to world literature of the times has recently been made in the publication of seven handsomely-bound volumes, preserving the sermons and addresses of His Eminence, Cardinal William H. O'Connell. They form a broad, illuminating panorama of thought of four eventful decades. The volumes are something more than reference books; they are human documents.

The warmth in the rich cardinal red on the binding is emblematic of the red-blooded spirit of kindness that flows through the pages. Every chapter is inviting because it deals with thought universal, interpreted with the poise and humaneness of the distinguished author, whose life has been one of deeds rather than words.

For nearly forty years Cardinal O'Connell has delivered addresses on themes uppermost in the public mind, and they have logically become contemporaneous history. These addresses attracted widespread comment at the time, and now glow with mellow philosophy. The hearty commendation of Bishop Hughes of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this monumental work is significant of the trend of the times toward an understanding of the great, broad humanity of these days, when the world is drawn closer together in its sympathies and ideals.

Ever since His Eminence was ordained a priest at Rome in 1884, he has been delivering these short, crisp sermons, addresses and pastorals which have pointed the pathway to his rise to eminence. A mere glimpse of the title page reveals a wide range of thought and clarity of discussion. These invaluable volumes have been accorded an appreciative reception, not only by thousands of Catholics of the Boston diocese, but also by those who are interested in the thought and literature of these eventful forty years of forward thought.

The themes constitute a chronological evolution of ideals that afford guidance in the turbulent stage of world affairs. Printed on woven paper, beautifully bound in cardinal red, with gilt tops, the contents reflect the crystallized wisdom of the observing author, the traveling priest and the prelate. There is an amazing boldness, directness and force in his sermons and his epigrams that shine forth like beacon lights in the darkness, but through it all is threaded that kindly, sympathetic appreciation of the vexatious problems in the life of every individual, with an understanding of the frailties of human nature which give his words a strong, popular appeal.

Over and over again these books will be read with increasing profit. They are educational and spiritual landmarks. Free from the dry exposition of faith or fact, every page contains something for the individual to think over—at times the author has a colloquial chain irresistible. One can trace the current of recent history in these addresses, for they view important occasions

of world movements on which His Eminence has commented fluently and courageously and, at times, with passionate eloquence.

Most of the sermons appear to be extemporaneous utterances, published as delivered without editorial change. And the interest holds from the first page of the first volume to the last page of the last volume. In the second volume the date of the addresses are indicated, and notes explain the occasion for the public addresses.

This covers the period prior to His Eminence being made Bishop of Portland. There is that clarity of diction, keenness of insight and grace of expression for which His Eminence has been recognized.

Intensely human are the descriptive narratives telling of his early visit to the Catacombs in Rome. It is dramatic in its pictures. He makes the reader visualize those ancient days and the struggles of the early Christian martyrs,



HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL WILLIAM H. O'CONNELL
Dean of the American Catholic Hierarchy and Archbishop of Boston



Home of Cardinal O'Connell on Rawson Road, Brookline

and inspires a tender reverence for the heroic perseverance of those who long persisted in their faith.

The eulogies of Pope Leo XIII and of Bishop Delaney have long been regarded as classics. Another volume covers his work as Archbishop and contains his address, delivered before the gathering at the Boston Symphony Hall in 1906, when he was welcomed by the laity of Boston.

In his notable address on the public control of schools, he has thrown much light on this vexatious question, treating it in the broad way that has so appealed to thinking Americans, Bishop Hughes and leaders of other religious denominations. Step by step the sermons and addresses glow with the strength and power of the man.

In the last four volumes, delivered largely before audiences of his own religious faith, his addresses seem to have spoken to a broad audience of American citizens of every faith. The ringing patriotism of Cardinal O'Connell has ever stood out, and his discussions of Americanism and other perplexing problems, before, since, and during the war, contain many succinct epigrams that have lighted the pathway to public understanding.

The ideal of self-government and what it means is the high light of many addresses in which, with the masterful expression, there is no mistaking the meanings and convictions that are fortified by a rugged common sense as well as the erudition and scholarship of the prelate.

As the Senior Cardinal of the Catholic Church in the United States, many eminent public leaders recognize in his words a clear conception of international and world affairs. His long residence in Rome and his service in Japan and the Orient has given him first-hand knowledge of peoples and a contact with portentous events that have led up to the present situation.

With these volumes upon the shelves one will feel impelled to look upon them as essential information for a true perspective of four stirring decades, furnishing an interpretation of events and their logical consequences.

The literary, as well as the religious world, is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of such

a monumental record of the times. It is granted that Cardinal O'Connell has preserved in his collection of sermons and addresses something that has not been surpassed by any other prelate in any denomination in recent years. His whole career seems to be interwoven in his thought—an evolution, step by step, from humble beginning to high eminence.

His life wish has ever kept pace with the progress and march of events, holding fast to the moorings of the eternal verities of truth reflected in his convictions, which stand out, both as a warning of the shoals and a lighting of the way to a peace and brotherhood eternal, gloriously exemplifying the high ideals of his faith.

IN his home retreat on Rawson Road, Brookline, His Eminence continues his work ceaselessly. The vine covered house and trees about have the atmosphere of quietude for study and thought. The Cardinal is an accomplished musician and a composer and loves the songs of the birds. His first musical composition, "Praelata Custos," written as a student in Rome is regarded as a masterpiece of sacred music. His favorite hymn is "Dies Irae." He is also very fond of "Lead Kindly Light," the favorite hymn of McKinley and Harding.

There are few more conversant with the trend of world affairs—his residence in Rome and the various countries of Europe and Japan has given him a broad conception of the Oriental mind in its attitude towards the nations of the Occident.

The late President Harding after reading over three volumes—a treasured addition to the White House library—insisted that few prelates surpassed the senior Cardinal as a philosopher and friend of humanity.

Complete as these books are in their scope, they do not give even by inference, a suggestion of the capable business and executive genius of Cardinal O'Connell, who has made a record in his administration of ecclesiastical affairs unsurpassed. Every institution with which Cardinal O'Connell is associated is on a sound and healthy basis—financial and otherwise—for there

is a definiteness in all his undertakings, and a kindly spirit of humanity that makes him truly beloved by his people—for his life has been one of acts and deeds.

His Eminence is planning a pilgrimage to the Holy Land early in the new year. Early in life he proved a deep thinker and a profound scholar and ever since his boyhood days in Lowell has dreamed of a trip to the Holy Land. His deep spiritual nature has led him on to the study of mankind in the broadest way. From early youth he has been a student of people and languages and knows the value of words translated from one tongue to another even better than an expert linguist. The Cardinal celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday on December eighth.

His training under Pope Leo XIII as a student at the American College in Rome, has given him a comprehensive understanding of International

THE FAMILY AND THE HOME

From "Sermons and Addresses"
by Cardinal O'Connell

ONCE again God brings us face to face with the mystery of Christmas. Once again our Holy Mother the Church summons us to go over to Bethlehem to see the wonder that has come to pass, and to ponder in our hearts the depth of its meaning.

We kneel again with the astonished shepherds before the humble manger, which the wisdom of God has made the throne of love from which His Son shall teach and rule the world. With adoring hearts we gaze upon the sweetness and tenderness of Infinite Love made visible in the Divine Babe, who to the appealing helplessness of infancy unites the power that sustains the world. With reverent admiration we look upon the rapt ecstasy of the Virgin Mother and the anxious solicitude of the protecting foster-father.

"O the depth of the riches of the wisdom of God!"

What king ever had such throne-room as a stable! Yet, to the stable of Bethlehem every year the human race makes pilgrimage, and at the feet of the Infant royalty lays down its sceptre, genius its laurel wreath, every worshiper his heart. Though all the great and noble of the world accompany us, yet we are conscious of three figures only, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

Many and profound were the purposes which the Son of God had in coming to earth and taking our human nature. And surely one of the deepest, most touching, and far-reaching was that He might regenerate the Family and put it for all time on its right basis. His redeeming grace, won for all on Calvary, touches the individual soul directly, regenerates it, sanctifies it. But in the plan of God's Providence, the Family is the nursery in which the tender plants, given life and nourishment by God's grace, grow up into mature strength and beauty.

The Creator might have called into existence the race of men as He called into being the angelic hosts,—each individual possessing at the moment of creation the powers of perfect maturity. But He did not so will. In His infinite wisdom, knowing what was to be in the heart He was about to create, He gave so that what was tenderest, most lovable, and most holy would be developed and conserved through the institution of the Family,—father, mother, and child,—the earthly trio which in the distinctness of its personalities and the unity of its common life should be a beautiful, if remote, reflection of the Holy Trinity.

conditions. Selected as a legate of Pope Pius X to the Mikado of Japan, he effected a successful diplomatic mission for the Holy See. His trip abroad will lend further weight to his clear judgment as to the international conditions, for with all his eloquent, spiritual nature, he is a student of man and mankind.

She Mothers Many Millions

Sophie Loeb has been working for a dozen years to make the second largest city in the world a better place to live in. How wonderfully she has succeeded in her efforts is told in the following article

By BLYTHE SHERWOOD

LADY ASTOR, M.P., is not the only woman who is competent in politics and loves a home. Nor is Miss Alice Robertson, the Oklahoma congresswoman, sole representative of the feminine sex in the public life of this nation. One lady who has used her pen to tell about the foibles of other ladies is Sophie Irene Loeb, a prominent figure in legislative affairs. Even the President of the United States is acquainted with the perseverance and foresight of Miss Loeb, indicated in his recent letter of appreciation of her work, as well as various governors of New York State and recent Mayors of New York City. We do not know if Miss Loeb is preparing for it or not,—we rather believe she has tried to avoid it—but one of these days a committee is apt to present her with a nomination for Mayor of the Capital of the Empire State.

A view of Miss Loeb in her New York apartment is entrancing to behold. To see her here would hardly be to congeize her in a municipal office. The soft lights glow upon her burnished hair. The entire atmosphere is enlivened with harmony. One finds a leisure in these surroundings and ample space in which to think clearly. Miss Loeb is indefatigable and would talk endlessly on any plans that she may cherish, did not some understanding friend send her off, as though she were a little child, to bed.

Miss Loeb may have sat up late many nights to hear that the Assembly in Albany passed one more of the multitudinous bills she has proposed, but the thrill the attainment of it gave her was not akin to that which surged through her busy body when Higgins, who is also her gardener, surprised her with the first yellow iris of the season.

Her heart is where her real home is, in the hills of Harmon, New York. She loves the lakeside, adores to fish and is happiest when surrounded by a court of talented young men and women. She would rather tramp through the woods than ride the White Horse of Public Approbation. Miss Loeb's desire cries for simplicity, ruggedness, and solitude. She does know how to make a home. She has built three. Her designs are comfortable and charming. On asking Miss Loeb, "Who taught you how to build a house? Who showed you how to create an inimitable dressing table?" she replied out of exasperation because she does not like to be thanked or praised, "Who taught me how to do anything?"

A play has been written around Catherine the Great of Russia, which portrays the tempestuous empress signing treaties with one hand and maneuvering an army with the other. What could be written about Sophie Irene Loeb, who has written about everything herself!

Miss Loeb will go to Albany one day to talk with a Senator about another proposition for public welfare—and she will return at night to confer with a motion picture producer about a

special feature that she is writing for him. The morning will find her dictating editorials of counsel to thousands of girls and mothers who plead to her for advice. She will divide her luncheon into halves, thirds, or quarters, making a speech as guest of honor at some civic meeting, breaking jurisdictional bread with her attorney, and, perhaps, granting a snatchy interview to some anxious reporter. In the afternoon she usually calls on the Mayor to tell him that he will have to supply her with more money for her growing family of orphans and personally-attended widows, or that she will soon have a new law to propose which might benefit theatre managers, theatre-goers, moving picture exhibitors, people who pray for cheaper milk, cleaner housing, and safer taxicabs. Miss Loeb does not have tea. She has an hour or two of more dictating

to her stenographers, this time either a *piece de resistance* for the New York Evening World, a speech to be amplified over the radio, or a synopsis for a play. *When she goes to bed at night she says she weeps to think how little she had accomplished.*

AMONGST divers books that Miss Loeb has had published in her name, is "Everyman's Child." It is in this lad, our neighbor, our child's playmate, our own progeny, that Miss Loeb is vitally interested. "Everyman's Child," she says, "did not ask to come here, but is here. He claims that if he has the right to be born, he has other rights. He has the right to have clothes like other children. He has the right to the loving care of people who are kith to him, but he is the ward of the State Society. He is put in the house of a thousand children, but not the home of one. He is the child of the institution with whom Society will have finished when he is sixteen. He then will be sent forth to brave



SOPHIE LOEB, New York newspaper writer, author, lecturer and sociologist, born in Russia, got her first glimpse of America when she was six years old. She has been a member of the staff of the New York Evening World since 1910, has written several books, is a noted speaker on sociological topics, and has been influential in bringing about many social reforms in the state and city of New York through legislative action. As a member of the New York State Commission for Widows' Pensions she studied the relations of the child and the state in England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany and Denmark and wrote a report of her investigations for the New York Legislature in 1914. She led campaigns that resulted in the New York State Widows' Pension Law, penny lunches in public schools, the motion picture law of New York making building sanitary and fireproof, and has been the guiding force behind many movements for public betterment. As the first woman called to be a mediator in a New York strike she brought about the settlement of the strike in the taxicab industry in 1917. She is President of the Child Welfare Board of New York City, and established the first child welfare building in the world in 1921. Miss Loeb may with perfect candor be described as a very busy woman who has made a tremendous success in her particular field of effort.

MY CREED

I BELIEVE the world is getting better.

Civilization moves on apace and the mind of man has turned the hand of helpfulness closer to the pulse of the people.

I believe that the serpent of selfishness is fast losing its sting and the individual is reaching out to his brother at large.

Therefore, I would so move and have my being as to least obstruct the trend of the times toward the heart of humanity.

In this progressive process let me so live that I may practice the patience that perseveres.

Let me cultivate the trait of tolerance so that no one may make me hate him.

Let me so conduct my innermost thoughts that I can look myself in the face with self-respect.

Forbid that I should follow the glittering trail of Mammon and lose sight of the peaceful path of happiness, paved with modest means.

May I never fail a friend, nor fight a foe but fairly.

Spare me from judging harshly, since I myself may dwell in a glass house.

Save me from the madness of unguarded moments and that I may withhold the word that can never be recalled.

Let me listen to the voices of little children and ever give answer to their cry.

May I find solace in the woods, in the sigh of the sea and in all nature that forever speaks to him who would hear.

Let me strive to secure satisfaction in simple things, and that I may not be out of place with the lowly.

May I possess the capacity for a great love, the capability of holding a fine friendship, and yet withhold, to concern myself with the stranger at my gate.

In the depths of despair may I never lose hope; and lastly, when the Angel of the End enters, may he find the world none the worse for my coming.

—Sophie Irene Loeb.

strange battles, handicapped with the stamp of the asylum."

Miss Loeb claims there ought to be no pauper child in the United States, but she knows this will not come about until a law in every State commands a Child Welfare Board in every county.

What does a Child Welfare Board do? With less expense than it would cost the government to care for a child at an institution, it provides an allowance that will protect that child in a home. Miss Loeb believes that mothers and children should be inseparable. A widow's suffering is great enough, without her having to relinquish her child, because she cannot support him. A child acquires no advantages in an institution that he cannot better learn at home from one who adores him and to whom he is life. The first thing Miss Loeb did after she came from Pittsburg to New York City to write for the *New York Evening World*, was to strike out and demand that the Widow's Pension Law be fulfilled.

The noble humanity of that provision has been broadened in Miss Loeb's establishment of the first Board of Child Welfare in New York City. "There is one way to begin," says Miss Loeb, "towards a more prosperous future and happier civilization, and that is with the children. A concentrated movement of the women of the country must be made if their future sons and daughters are to take their places as citizens in defense of those ideals and institutions for which most blood has been shed since the first Colonies came. The way to begin is to reduce misery to a minimum. The future citizen is here now and ready to be made right.

"It is the prime duty of the State, and of yourself as a responsible citizen of that State, to safeguard the future of your own in safeguarding the present of everyman's child, mentally, morally and physically.

"What the State should say to a mother when she comes to ask its aid, with eight children clinging about her, is: 'I will study your situation and find out just what your needs are. I will ascertain just what your income is from all sources. Having all those children you must stay at home with them. I will give you an allowance of so much a month which will enable you to do this.

"I shall expect you to send them to school regularly, where I will give them instruction free of charge. As soon as your children are sixteen years of age I shall expect them to have had enough schooling to be able to get work to do.

"Also, I will have my employment agency make certain that your children, as they become sixteen years of age, are placed under safe and sanitary conditions, so they will be as little care to you and me as possible, and by the time your last child is sixteen years of age you will doubtless, with the aid I have given you, have been able to secure an assured income, and you will not need me any more."

"In such a case the State can congratulate itself and say: 'I have chosen, not the line of least resistance, but the safety line, the life line.' And when the State comes to figure out the economical side of the question it will find that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it has saved money that it would have had to pay in hospitals, delinquent places for children, insane asylums, and juvenile courts.

"The question to be solved is: How shall the State best conserve the child so that he may become an asset rather than a liability to the community? The local government, in forty-one states, have now answered it by entering widows' homes and seeing to it that the dependent children have that home influence which is most essential in the rearing of citizens.

"A Child Welfare Board can be established in every hamlet or community. As in New York City, the members who are public spirited citizens will serve without pay. This board may readily see to it that every child in its community is on the right road toward American citizenship.

"It is easy to make a Bolshevik. Take almost any one when he is a baby, nourish him insufficiently, let him grow up in a dark, dirty, and hideous tenement, educate him as badly as possible, take him out of school at thirteen or fourteen, and put him to work. Make his work hard, long, and poorly paid. See that he marries and tries to bring up a family on less than a living income. Throw him out of employment every now and then; and some day, when he is in a receptive mood, introduce him to the Bolshevik doctrines.

"The billions of dollars that have been spent on mortar and brick for institutional houses

rather than on natural homes for children would have subsidized every child in a home of his own with some good family until his sixteenth year. The collective care of children with its enormous overhead will some day be pointed to by the historian and the psychologist as one of the most wasteful items of civilization. Every nation is awakening to the economic importance of conservation of the child. Formerly there has been more energy directed in conserving the forests, the fur bearing animals, and the fish, than the child. It must be economical to make the dependent child self sustaining, so that when relief is given to him during his early years a foundation for good citizenship should naturally follow.

"When the Child Welfare Board went into effect there were nearly 5,000 applications and only \$100,000 appropriated for allowance. However, this first Board took the \$100,000 and watched every penny to demonstrate what could be done. After a year's work our department was examined by the Commissioner of Accounts and the report at that time justified the next appropriation of \$1,250,000. In the history of the city there has never been such complete change on the part of the Treasury custodians. And now nearly six years have passed and the result of the work speaks for itself. Where before legislatures were reluctant or opposed to the measure, there are now so many amendments advised to the law to reach out in the interest of children and to bring them under the jurisdiction of the Board of Child Welfare that the Board itself must needs take steps in order not to have such legislation come too fast, as the Board aims to build strong and thus to enhance the value of the successful strides already made.

"The average amount paid is \$30.44 per month per child. In no case do we pay as much as is now paid to institutions for the care of children. Many widows voluntarily notify the Board that their condition has been bettered and the allowance may be discontinued. Only 665 allowances have been continued since the beginning of the law in 1915, out of 6,437 allowances granted, or approximately one out of ten. As an evidence of what can be done in the homes of children's mothers or their natural guardians, as against institutions, the City of New York spent in the first six months of 1919, \$959,393 for the care of 16,526 children, together with their mothers, more than 5,000 widows. For the same period the City of New York spent for 20,868 children in private institutions, \$1,790,688."

AFTER Miss Loeb started the Board of Child Welfare running progressively, and learned that the city would grant her its own home and office building, she went about procuring cheaper milk for her babies. The Mayor appointed her Director of the Committee of Investigation on the Fair Price Milk Campaign. Debates did not tire her, seemingly adamant refusal to submit to justice, did not discourage her. She rode on as Joan sat upright upon her steed.

She then realized children must have proper food in the middle of the day. She picked up another weapon and won the battle for penny lunches in schools, which supplies those kiddies whose mothers work, with good food at no more than cost.

The intimation that moving-picture-going would be barred on Sunday, did not bud into further bloom. What the judge has done for baseball, Sophie Irene Loeb has accomplished towards permitting families to have their movies

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Like *the Peri at the Gate of Eden*

They knock timidly at the Gateway of Opportunity—these strangers from across the seas—standing at the threshold of a new life filled with new ideals—greatly hopeful, a little fearful—more than a little dazed

THE greatest outpost of immigration in all history is Ellis Island. There never has been a gateway that has received more people crossing the threshold of one country to another with the object of citizenship.

The United States is the largest immigrant receiving country in the world. More people pass through Ellis Island in one day than are received in any European country in one year. This means problems unprecedented. Eighty per cent of all our immigration comes from Europe. This condition obtains even with all the destructive losses of man power in the war. America is a dreamland to millions.

The people entering Ellis Island are come, to all intents and purposes, to become future citizens of the Republic. That is why it is important that the United States should know the moral training and political ideals of the citizenship they are invited to adopt.

It is a popular sport for certain writers to take a ferry to Ellis Island; see the detention hospital or some abnormal condition, then return and write all about immigration and play up a spectacular story featuring an abnormal situation as the regular routine. During seven trips to Ellis Island I always found something new and impressive, and when I read some of these flamboyant, unreliable and untrue criticisms I feel that the people have been imposed upon by a certain brood of sincere, but maudlin writers, who are perpetrating more injury through their false sympathy towards our country than is portrayed in their writings.

There never has been a time when there was a more just, sympathetic and kindly administration at Ellis Island. The Secretary of Labor himself landed at Castle Garden. He was an immigrant and he understands immigrants. The former Commissioner at Ellis Island was also an immigrant. In early youth they too looked upon America with eyes of wonderment and heard the babble of many tongues that obtains in the landing of immigrants.

Here all languages are heard, today more than ever—here the Moslem, the Turk, the Greek, and the Hebrew mix and mingle with the Russian and the Pole, with Slav and Czech and Scandinavian. Here with their curious habits, customs and uniforms assemble people from far lands. Stowaways and anarchists are brothers together.

Here they float into Ellis Island where the tares must be separated from the wheat. Ellis Island is the first line of defense for the progeny of the future. The fact that the height of stature in the state of Rhode Island has fallen one inch in fifty years indicates something of what an influx of foreign population means. Immigration is not coming from the Nordic races, but that does not mean that small stature is not the character of people that makes good citizens. It shows how results follow courses. Many are

received at Ellis Island who hardly know what modern conveniences are. They stand by and watch the water flow from a faucet with wonderment. They do not even know what water closets are or what it means to be washing a baby in a bowl. Some scarcely change the habits of far isolated villages from whence they come. It is indeed a new world to them.

As a rule the immigrants are given much better food and quarters than those to which they were accustomed. But Ellis Island is not a hotel. This is a matter of every day observance and fact. True, there are some isolated cases of complaint, prompted by some sinister purpose, broadcast as a picture of Ellis Island.

Ellis Island is a clearing house for a few



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WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO THEM? Does their first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty fill their souls with hope for the future of the child that stands between them—or is it, to them, only another strange object in a new, strange land?

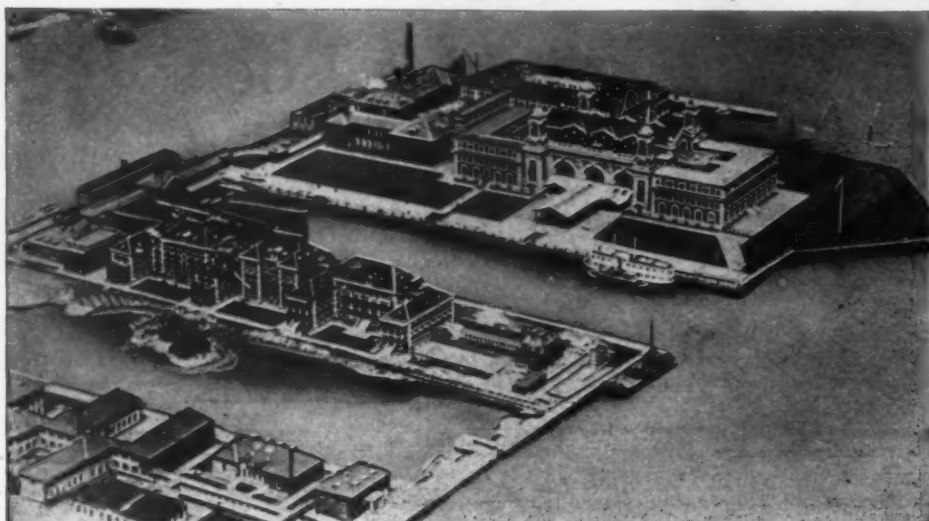


Photo by Brown Brothers

ELLIS ISLAND—the gateway of the New World, the greatest outpost of immigration in all history, the subject of unscrupulous politics, the object of uninformed and malicious criticism—but, nevertheless, one of the most important safeguards of our civilization—a bulwark against a foreign invasion more insidious and more dangerous than an army with banners

hundred people, but in the rush as many as five or six thousand pass in one day. Then comes the examination that fills the hospitals with loathsome, contagious diseases, which indicates what is being saved from the people of America, rather than giving it as a picture of conditions. Rounding up the criminals or pathetic situations, and citing sad cases in the detention hospital, and calling that Ellis Island is not fair or honest.

Ellis Island is a recruiting station for posterity, as affected by the incoming immigrants. There are pathetic cases where families have had to be divided and where to enforce the law seems hard indeed. But there never has been a time when the Secretary of Labor has not made every effort to extenuate cases as far as the impulse of mercy and tenderness can interfere with the laws of justice.

All sailors entering the ports are physically examined, and in this way the people little realize the extent of the work of protection.

Commissioner Tod gave his work relentless and insidious attention. He was not a man of words and exploitation, but one of deeds. Everyone knows that he was a chief who believed in doing things. He provided a pipe organ for the Island, giving those who were detained music that served to steady them and remind them of their home surroundings. Much of the distress and heart breaking partings and deportations here could be avoided, and millions of dollars saved, if the immigrants were examined on the other side as urged by Senator Davis; then they would be able to pass in without being detained and go directly to their new homes or to their relatives.

The war developed some societies, organized for welfare work, and my observance in one case has been that they are doing more damage than good at Ellis Island. In this case in the hospital they carried news that nearly broke down the spirit of a young girl who was trying to get well in order to enter the country, by telling her she was sure to be deported.

If Uncle Sam is not able to provide for the comforts of the immigrants without the unneces-



HENRY H. CURRAN

Recently appointed Commissioner of Immigration

sary interference of welfare societies we had better know it now.

Reports that have come from Europe indicate that something must be done toward making some sort of an examination overseas. Every alien citizen of the United States should register, as a matter of record. Other American citizens are registered before they can vote, so why should not this large mass of unregistered aliens submit to the same regulations that American citizens must face. Why should they come, and in five years, scarcely able to speak the English lan-

guage, enjoy the privileges which the American boy has to wait twenty-one years to secure? This is an old sore with Americans.

Vivid pictures of the so-called economic and moral conditions of Europe have been reported to the Secretary of Labor during the past year and the information furnished has been very important. There are one hundred and seventy-eight stations and sub-stations in the Bureau of Immigration. The entrance of an immigrant in the United States is not difficult if he is physically and mentally normal and can meet the ordinary requirements of the average citizen.

The machinery in the immigration department is naturally taxed, but the Secretary of Labor has a Board of Review familiar with immigration matters, that serves as a court and hears the arguments of friends and relatives in reference to those detained, at once. In this way many of the appeals have been greatly expedited.

The appeal is considered on the day it arrives in Washington and a decision often rendered on the same day, an operation that, in former times, required about ten days.

Ellis Island normally houses twelve thousand people, but usually has fifty per cent more than that, and at times twice that number to handle. The equipment at the Island was built twenty years ago and many improvements are needed.

The subject of Oriental immigration under general regulation has been sometimes found abused. In the case of Chinese and Japanese eternal vigilance is the price that must be paid.

The present law bars any alien above sixteen unable to read in some language, those mentally subnormal, all those afflicted with loathsomeness, contagious diseases and the physically defective, who would not be able to earn their living.

Records show that a large proportion of the insane asylums are filled with those of foreign birth or children of those of foreign birth. The same regulations existent in the quarantine against diseases of animals and plants would seem to be applicable to human beings, who, after all, are the basis of our citizenship.

The headlines in the papers are full of stories of people who have contracted pneumonia and died while at Ellis Island, as they have contracted pneumonia and died elsewhere. Then there is great talk about red tape and delays. To this has been added the ill-tempered criticism of England, which seems to have been inspired by steamship companies. These same companies are, in a large way, responsible for a good many of the conditions that exist at Ellis Island. The British Ambassador is invited to visit the Island. I have eaten what the immigrants have eaten, slept in the beds they have slept in, and I feel that I am not, as one London newspaper has said, "a low order or a low standard of citizenship." It is time that some of this idle talk was stopped—it is time that people refused to deal with a jungle of misrepresentation.

No other country has such conditions to face as the United States, so naturally they cannot understand why everyone has to submit to the same regulations.

In Europe there has always been a class distinction, but the good United States still remains a Republic, even if it does make some of the critics sneer.

Immigration is one of the great economic problems of this nation. All of us here are either foreign born or are the descendants of people who were foreign born—unless we are Indians. Prior to 1820 we didn't even count them. Everyone was welcome. We didn't

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Dehydration is the Answer

Modern science answers the question of how to conserve the products of the orchard and the field, how to eliminate waste, save labor and reduce transportation costs

HOW many people know that dehydration has placed pre-war prices on fruits and vegetables in the shade, figuratively speaking?

And how many know that all the difficulties encountered by fruit growers and gardeners which result from glutted markets, poor freight accommodations and a lack of harvesting assistance during all the ages may be largely if not wholly eliminated by dehydration?

Furthermore, how many housewives know that the same fruits and vegetables may be obtained at a saving of about one-half if purchased in dehydrated form, and yet the nutritive value will remain the same?

And, again, how many people know that the United States Department of Agriculture has given out the statement that at least one-half the fruits and vegetables raised in the United States never leave the orchard and farm?

Interesting questions, which led me to investigate the development of dehydration, and its utility to the human race.

Dehydration, in simple language, means to deprive of water. Beets contain about 87 per cent moisture; cabbage, 91 per cent; onions, 87 per cent; string beans, 89 per cent; celery, 94 per cent; potatoes, 78 per cent; spinach, 92 per cent, and tomatoes, 94 per cent.

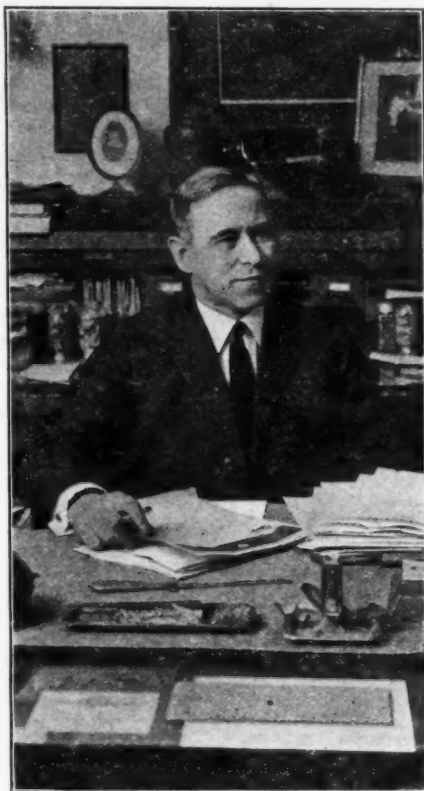
From these figures it will be seen that out of every ten cars of vegetables transported across the continent, nine represent nothing but water. Hence a saving of about 85 per cent is effected in freight charges if the fruits and garden products are shipped in dehydrated form.

Dehydration, as practiced on a commercial scale, was given its birth in Germany. In 1898 there were in that country only three plants whose capacity was worthy of mention. It is apparent that the methods used were successful for in 1909 the number had increased to 199 and in 1916 to 841. In addition 2,000 breweries were partially engaged in manufacturing dehydrated products. When the war ended Germany had 1,900 plants either in operation or under construction, besides the breweries.

The first dehydrated food products used in the United States was during the gold mining rush to Alaska. Dried potatoes imported from Germany were sold to the miners on account of their lightness in weight, and considerable quantities were used.

Enterprising citizens of Oregon and Washington attempted to manufacture dehydrated food-stuffs to supply the Alaska demand, but the early experiments were unsuccessful. The difficulties, however, were eventually overcome and several plants were built in the Northwest, though the quality of their products was far beneath that produced by the most successful scientific methods employed today.

It remained for the World War to incite new endeavors in the field of dehydration, much as the Civil War stimulated activity in the canning



ALFRED H. McCOMB

President of General Food Products Company, and one of the leading dehydration experts in the United States

industry. It is stated upon good authority that had it not been for dehydrated food products Germany would have been compelled to surrender many months before the war ended.

When the United States entered the war, the demand for evaporated fruits and vegetables increased enormously, and shortly after the American troops landed in France dehydration plants in many sections of this country were busy filling government orders.

The Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture and the Quartermaster Subsistence Division of the United States Army detailed chemists and food experts to seek means of improving the processes, and as a result important advancement was made.

The success of modern methods of dehydration has been proven conclusively, and the demand for dehydrated products has developed far beyond existing facilities.

As a means of conserving valuable national resources, dehydration fills an important place since it is authoritatively stated by the United States Department of Agriculture that fully fifty per cent of the vegetables grown annually never

leave the farmer or orchard. The loss is occasioned by weather conditions, unhealthy markets and transportation difficulties.

The shortage of refrigeration cars operate against the shipment of fresh vegetables, while a shortage of tin cans limits the production of canned fruits and vegetables.

Dehydrated foods, however, can be produced more economically, since the work involves a minimum amount of labor and containers for their productions, and the transportation problem is easily solved.

The enormous losses in fruits and vegetables each year would present a staggering figure could the real facts be ascertained. In 1918, for instance, the losses to prune growers alone in California, from unfavorable weather, amounted to over \$8,000,000. Dehydrated plants recently established in that state will prevent such enormous losses in the future.

There have been seasons when well-equipped dehydration plants could have saved the trucking industry of Cook and Lake Counties, Illinois, five million dollars. Excessive rains, poor markets and almost impassable roads resulted in a vast amount of vegetables and fruits being permitted to rot on the ground. In 1922 it was a pathetic sight to see hundreds of acres covered with rotting tomatoes in the great Chicago trucking districts. All these losses will be avoided when the dehydration plants are built.

With the augmentation of dehydration plants whereby in addition to the Chicago markets, those of the world will be within reach, the truck gardeners tributary to Chicago will have developed a character, approaching, perhaps, more nearly to that Arcadian refinement and contentment, of which we sometimes dream as the perfection of human condition, than any other people on earth.

Genial nature favors them with bountiful vegetable crops at the cost of but little exertion, and when the element of waste is eliminated through the establishment of dehydration plants, truck gardening, as an industry, will have advantages all its own.

Scientific farming and gardening have many attractions. George Washington was one of the first American experimental agriculturists,



Dehydration plant containing the latest and most approved machinery known to scientific skill



MRS. LIND: "What have you got, Mary, in that little package?"

MARY: "A Dehydrated Soup Mixture. I think about as many vegetables as you have in your basket."

MRS. LIND: "Come over to my house and let's see about it."



MRS. LIND: "My but this is an awful job and a dirty one to prepare these vegetables for soup."

MARY: "All I have to do is just dump mine right in the kettle."



MRS. LIND: "What! Cooked already! I've just got a good start."

MARY: "Yes, only took about 25 minutes to cook mine."



MARY: "Well, what do you think?"

MRS. LIND: "Why they look the same, they smell the same, they taste the same, I believe they are the same, but you have eight vegetables, I only have four. What did you pay for yours?"

MARY: "Fifteen cents."

MRS. LIND: "Fifteen cents! Why, I paid forty-five cents for mine."

MARY: "Yes, and with these you can have soup the year round."

MRS. LIND: "Wonderful! Who would believe it! I'm going to get some myself."

always alert for better methods, willing to take any amount of pains to find the best fertilizer, the best way to avoid plant diseases, the scientific methods of cultivation and the most economical way of getting the products to the ultimate consumer.

When after long and trying years he retired in peace to Mount Vernon, there to take up again the business of farming, he wrote to an old comrade-in-arms: "I am at length become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, where under my own vine and fig-tree, free from the bustle of camp and the intrigues of a court, I shall view the busy world with calm indifference, and with serenity of mind, which the soldier in pursuit of glory, and the statesman of a name have not leisure to enjoy."

Washington knew nothing of dehydration. The business of canning vegetables and fruits had not been developed and yet he conceived the life of the agriculturist and horticulturist to be "A merry night without much drinking; a happy thought without much thinking."

A dehydration plant will transform a locality admirably adapted for raising fruits and vegetables, but remote from populous cities, from barrenness and bankruptcy to a flush and flowing condition; in effect it bridges the distance between the locality and the world's markets.

Evaporation and canning conserved vast national resources long before effective means of dehydration were discovered. But everybody knows that evaporated products are a far cry in both color and flavor from the original fruit and vegetables. Canning processes have in a measure been a boon to humanity, but through costly and laborious means.

The desirability, not only of saving all fruit and vegetables that might otherwise be wasted, but of reducing large quantities to a form in which it can be kept for considerable periods of time without deterioration, and be transported with the least difficulty and with the smallest demand for space, has within recent years been forced upon the country in a most emphatic manner. Dehydration serves this purpose better than any known system.

The proper method of dehydrating fruits and vegetables is now regarded as a science in every sense of the word. The business presents many problems, since several different factors effect the quality, which constantly affect the value of the finished product.



The wastage of products, transportation charges, unhealthy foods, kitchen labor, all absorbed by dehydration, relieving the American public of 50% of the load

It has been demonstrated time and again that the production of dehydration products of good quality is largely dependent on careful attention to each step of the process from preparation to drying. The actual drying or removal of the moisture is but one of the important steps, and must be accomplished without damage to the appearance, texture and flavor of the product. It is also desirable that the moisture be removed

as rapidly as possible in order that the cell structure remain intact.

Dehydrated carrots, onions, turnips, tomatoes, celery, parsnips, cabbage and all varieties of fruits and vegetables yield a wonderful product, but like the manufacture of bread or pastry everything depends upon the knowledge and skill of the person or persons in charge.

The "McComb Processes" effect no change chemically in the vegetables whatever, and of course no chemical is added. Only the water content of the vegetables is removed, and in such a manner that the cell structure remains intact holding the color, flavor and vegetable oils, so that during cooking they return to the appearance, form and flavor, they possessed before being processed.

Over two hundred truck growers of Cook County, Illinois, declared after partaking of these products, cooked in their presence, that there was absolutely no difference between what they had eaten and the so-called fresh vegetables from their gardens.

The expression "So-called" is used because many vegetables after storage lose much of their nutritive value, while dehydrated products are in every sense fresh vegetables only, no change whatever having taken place during the preparation except the removal of the water content which is returned during cooking.

Dehydration products are equally as effective as the fresh fruits and vegetables. Moreover, they safeguard the family by eliminating all danger of ptomaine poisoning.

When science developed dehydration it found a way to keep fruits and vegetables with the original flavors and nutriment for use long after gathering, and, moreover, this result is obtained without preservatives. People are thus enabled to enjoy the luscious tree-ripened fruits and crisp tender vegetables in every season of the year, no matter where they live.

It is a well-known fact that fresh fruits and vegetables contain the health essentials in a form which is most easily assimilated by the human system. All the elements necessary to the building up of the body are found in varying

Continued on page 334



ELIMINATED BY DEHYDRATION

Nine out of ten cars eliminated by dehydration

Tales From a Canteen

IV. Mr. Bosco

(AS TOLD BY "GIPSY")

By ISABEL ANDERSON

ALBERTA JOHNSTON was the wife of a professor; by accident, one might almost say, for he had married her out of the classroom where she had been one of his pupils—a big handsome girl with a fine figure, a heavy mouth and thick ankles. The two defects were evidently not noticeable at the age of nineteen, especially when their owner rolled a pair of big brown adoring eyes from the bench where she sat, up to the higher professorial desk. Even then the instructor might not have succumbed, had not his slender and fair-haired wife Julia eloped with a dashing Englishman and gone, some said, to live with him on a ranch. So the instructor, to show the world that he snapped his fingers at the whole affair and was quite able to win a second beauty, married Alberta the moment he was free.

The following autumn his Sabbatical year fell due. The Rockies offered some curious geologic formations Johnston had long wished to study, and Henry Hastings, one of the college overseers, invited them to go west in a private car—largely because of his interest in the handsome Alberta. Professor Johnston accepted with enthusiasm, and so did his wife, who was quite aware of Hastings' admiration, though she thought privately that if she ever exchanged the professor for a second, it would be someone more thrilling than she had ever met in the East.

So early in September, after a dinner party where toasts were drunk to the success of the expedition, and the world seemed very rosy, the truck came up and took their duffle, and Mr. Henry Hastings and Professor and Mrs. Craig Johnston followed in motors to the station. Their luggage was tucked away in the state-rooms of the car "Independence," flowers, fruit and games bestowed amid handshakes, kisses, and waving of handkerchiefs, and the train pulled out with the campers ready for any adventures in the Land of the Columbines.

As Hastings stood on the platform Alberta looked him over critically. Well set up, clean-shaven, a little gray at the temples, fairly attractive in his immaculate but rather sporty clothes, she decided—and wondered what the trip would bring forth.

"A good start and a happy family! God gave us a beautiful day and pure characters!" said Hastings as he entered the car. "Now, ho for the West and the mountain lion! I've shot elephants in Ceylon and hippos in Africa, but I've never shot a mountain lion in his lair."

"Aren't you killing!" declared Johnston, but his wife failed to see the joke.

The next morning after leaving Toledo, while the train was whizzing over the flat land and the varied crops at great speed, the Professor, who was gazing out of the window, remarked that the scenery looked like succotash. Hastings, appearing for breakfast in a magnificent wrapper, agreed.

"Clever idea, old fellow."

"Dashing bathrobe of yours!" approved Alberta.

"Got it to attract attention away from my appetite," confessed Hastings, who was prolonging the meal in the hopes that the Professor would enter his stateroom to finish the article he was working on and leave them alone, but no. The portable typewriter began to click right beside him, the author to scowl, so the host con-

THE STORY OF THE GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY

SHE was nicknamed "Gipsy" because she loved the woods and knew the names of all the animals and their habits. She could imitate bird notes, and tell any kind of a tree from its leaf. She liked to camp and cook out-of-doors, and was perfectly at home anywhere. It was all the same to her whether she slept in her bed, or on a bench in a depot, or curled up in a rug on the floor—the last two locations being fairly common for canteen workers at the front. Wherever she was, she made friends with Tom, Dick and Harry.

If her clothes had been picturesquely tattered, she might have passed for a perfect Bohemian, with her dark hair and her large black eyes. As a public entertainer she made a hit, singing comic songs to her own accompaniment on any musical instrument that happened to be handy, doing sleight-of-hand tricks, and winding up with turning a series of handsprings. Her laugh was a little boisterous, and at times her jokes a bit coarse, as if she had grown up perhaps among woodsmen or cowboys of the West.

Her story, she said, was true; it happened to one of her friends.

tented himself with starting a lively bit of chaffing with Alberta.

Johnston, becoming more and more irritated over their interruptions, lighted his twenty-fourth cigarette in hopes of quieting his nerves. "Smoke myself into lung trouble yet!" he fumed, but Alberta only giggled, and finally he got up, entered her room, slammed the door, and kicked a chair. "What a temper the man has," thought Hastings. "Poor Alberta!"

All continued happy on the car, except for an occasional trace of irritation when Johnston was beaten by his wife at checkers. "How unlike Julia," he thought; "she always knew enough not to beat me!" Alberta was thinking how stooped were his shoulders, and how his little head stuck out in advance of his neck, and how large were his feet at the end of his thin legs. And yet, the college girls were crazy about his fine forehead and handsome dark eyes and attractive voice. Then she looked at Hastings. Now if she had met him before her marriage instead of after! No, on second thought, not even

Hastings was as wildly adventurous as the real man of her dreams.

The scenery became very beautiful near Denver; in the distance appeared Elephant Rock and Pike's Peak. Presently the train ran along the bottom of the canyon by the Arkansas River, and they sat out on the platform and looked up at the dark mountain and the stars. The scene was magnificent and mysterious. Hastings felt that Alberta was also magnificent and mysterious. Across the Great Divide the train climbed. "Past the butte that put the beaut in beautiful," joked the professor. The autumn coloring was glorious, for the quaking aspen had turned to gold. The mesa formations rose in ridges like Virginia razorbacks. Here and there the soil was dry and sandy with sage brush and grease wood. Streaks of red and mauve were seen in the rocks as well as in the foliage. At Rifle they left the car and started to motor a hundred miles or so to a ranch where they were to be outfitted with horses and tents.

"Soon we'll be living like real gypsies," sighed Alberta, overjoyed to leave civilization behind her.

"Then for the mountain lion!" said Hastings.

From time to time they got out of the motor and walked part of the way; the Professor trotted about, examining rocks with hammer and magnifying glass, Alberta picking the purple asters, or sunflowers, or the exquisite columbines, and Hastings keeping his eye out for birds and wild animals. Doves there were, bluebirds, magpies, hawks, owls and gray camp bobbers, and scuttling out of sight at their approach brown gophers, ground hogs and shy coyotes. Farther on in the timber, Fred told them—Fred was their chauffeur—one saw elk, deer and bear.

"And mountain lion?" inquired Hastings.

"Mebbe so," admitted the man.

At remote distances from each other they chanced on log cabins of a single room, and more rarely a ranch with its brands marked on the outlying barns, for each cattle owner had two brands, one for his cattle and the other for his horses. Presently the silent Fred began to talk a little under the stimulus of Alberta's smiles and Hastings' questioning.

"Naw," replied he to one of Hastings' inquiries. "No sheep men nor Mexicans wanted hereabouts."

"Sheepmen? What's the matter with them?" asked Alberta.

"Cattle won't feed where sheep have been. There's some ranges on the Flat Top mountains saved for them. But this here place is cattle country, and it ain't healthy for sheep men infrin' on cattle land."

"What do you mean by 'ain't healthy?'" inquired the Professor who came trotting up to join them, his pockets jingling with specimens.

"Wal, what happened to an Englishman who druv some sheep in from Utah."

"Englishman?" and Johnston pricked up his ears, thinking of his first wife.

"Oh, they warned him fair and square he'd got to git aout, and he didn't, so one night the cattle men put on masks, and went to his cabin and put a revolver to his head, and cut the throats of all the sheep and jes' left 'em a-laying there on the ground."

"What a lawless country, but I love it!" thought Alberta with mounting excitement. "This is where I ought to live."

"Did the Englishman get out?" the Professor wanted to know.

"Naw, he's stickin' round somewheres yit."

At twilight they came to Meekar, a frontier town many miles from a railroad, but there was a hotel for them to spend the night in, a few comfortable houses, some log cabins and several shops. The hotel lobby was filled with stuffed animals and mounted fish, and a somewhat moth-eaten mountain lion for Hastings to gloat over, and framed photographs of bank bandits over which Alberta hung with delight.

"They come over from Wyoming," volunteered Fred, "jest a few years ago and robbed the bank. Got a hundred thousand dollars in cold cash, and up in the maountings yonder they had relays of fresh horses a-waitin', but for all I know, them horses is a-waitin' yit."

"Didn't they get away?" asked Alberta, disappointedly.

"Not in Colorado, ma'am. We don't let 'em git away here. They was discovered and all shot dead, every man jack."

"How I wish I had been here at that time," declared Alberta. "Why won't unusual and thrilling things ever happen to me?"

It was a reckless remark to make, as it proved, for the next day things did begin to happen. They were motoring up a narrow river valley when Fred stopped the car.

"Reckon some of you'd better git aout. Often the road is chucky, but it's very slick again today. Ain't so safe as it might be."

"I'm going to stay right here," growled the Professor. Didn't sleep a wink all night in that dirty ramshackle hotel you took us to."

"Hev it your own way," said Fred placably, as Hastings and Alberta climbed out and her husband stayed obstinately in the car.

They walked on behind, but the first thing they knew, there was a slide, a crash, a yell and they looked ahead to see the motor, Fred and the Professor all slip over the bank together, and the duffle tumble out and go rolling down the hill. From under the car scrambled Fred unhurt, but the poor passenger was pretty well shaken up and evidently had a broken arm besides. It was also evident that old Henry Ford had travelled the road for the last time. Alberta made a sling for her husband's arm out of handkerchiefs, and Hastings gathered the bags together.

"Now don't you wish you had gotten out to walk?" reproved Alberta; but her husband was in no mood for reproaches.

"What a fool I was to get married to a woman without a bit of sympathy in her nature," he snarled.

"Apparently you were," retorted Alberta, after which a chilled silence settled down between them.

"Might as well go ahead and git the Englishman to take you in," said Fred, scratching his head.

"Englishman?" yelled Johnston.

"Sure. The sheepman. Ain't nobody nigher as I know of."

"Well, all right. I don't suppose every Englishman I've got to meet is a rascal. Sun's going down and you've got to get me somewhere."

Fred hurried on ahead, and had some difficulty in persuading the sheepman to take them in. "I may have more trouble," the man confided in him. "I've bought more sheep, though I don't intend to get run out, either. If there's to be shooting, I intend to begin it."

"Well, Ernest," said his wife, a slender, fair-haired woman, "you can't turn away a man with a broken arm. I'll get a splint and bandages ready, and you build up the fire and set the table."

"Very well," he answered; so Fred trudged off to meet his outfit and help them along.

It was dark when the campers arrived. The door was thrown open and when the Professor came into the lighted room, he looked at his hostess, and gasped, "Julia!" "Why, Craig Johnston, what are you doing here?" she replied. Then, what with exhaustion and the pain in his arm, he sank down in the nearest chair.

"My name is Ernest Gay," said the sheepman to Alberta, while Julia gave first aid to her former husband. "Queer situation, this. I suppose you're Johnston's second wife. Mrs. Gay used to be married to him, as perhaps you know."

Alberta said, "Oh!" awkwardly, not knowing what else to say, and moreover, she was already jealous at seeing the ranchwoman tenderly bandaging her husband's arm. She remembered hearing the college gossip say that Ernest Gay was handsome though rather worthless, and Julia had been swept off her feet by his youth and good looks, and that one day, after the professor had had a fit of temper, she had run away. So this was where they settled, and from all appearances they were far from prosperous.

Johnston revived enough to sit down to supper with them, and it was an embarrassed group. There was no other place for miles, and their pushing on that night was out of the question. Fred alone was in his customary cheerful mood, for even Hastings had been angered at the Professor's treatment of his wife.

"Ever heard tell about the raccaboy, speakin' of animiles?" he inquired.

Nobody had, so Fred elaborated further. "He's a critter you see on them hills yonder, runnin' raound and raound. His legs are long on the down side the hill and short of the upside the hill, so he can go round the faster."

"Suppose he has to go the other way?" objected Gay, solemnly.

"He don't. Jest puts his head between his legs and goes backwards."

"Oh, I say, that's hardly possible, you know."

"Shoot one for you some time," said the obliging Fred, solemnly.

The Professor, gazing about the room, decided that Julia had made the best of things, as she always did, for the cabin was very pretty and cozy with its big fireplace and fur rugs, its snowshoes and animal's heads on the wall. Had Julia, he wondered, scrambled the eggs with tomato and sugar because she remembered that he liked them that way? Alberta grew more and more stiff and offish. She felt Julia was too attentive to her ex-husband under the circumstances, and poor Julia thought Alberta might help her a little and respond to her efforts in trying to keep the ball rolling and make everyone feel at home. But she noticed her successor's big underpinnings and fat ankles, though she admitted to herself that Alberta's figure was superb. One of her husband's adoring pupils, probably, she surmised correctly. She had forgotten how amusing the Professor's conversation could be, and she hoped that Ernest would not get drunk that evening, of all evenings.

Meanwhile Johnston thought that Julia looked

a little thinner and that the way in which she had bobbed her golden hair was very becoming. Formerly she had been always lively, but now her lovely blue eyes had a sad dreamy look—very attractive they seemed to him, as he gazed into them, and Alberta became more and more indignant. She moved farther and farther away from the fire, but nobody noticed her. Hastings was discussing with Fred the possibility of getting away early the next morning. Julia was busy wiping the dishes. Gay was glaring at Johnston. Presently Alberta shivered, but nobody offered to go and get her coat; she sighed and went out alone to find it where she had dropped it on a seat beside the front door. "I'd like to see a man for once who could be really devoted!" she concluded viciously.

Off in the corral the sheep were bleating, as if frightened.

There was a rustle nearby and a naughty chipmunk leaped out of the folds of her coat. He had chewed a large hole and stolen the chewing gum out of her pocket. She held the damaged garment up to investigate.

The sheep began bleating more loudly and something must surely be wrong, she thought, as she looked round. Was that the shadow of a man behind a tree? Then the flock in the distance seemed to stampede, and Alberta, who was no coward, ran towards them to see what was happening, and somebody quickly grabbed and gagged her before she had time to scream, threw her into a saddle, and started off at full speed.

The door banging open, Hastings' and Ernest's voices, shots, cries—those were the last sounds she heard, as someone galloped away with her into the darkness of the night.

"Don't you be skeered, lady," murmured her captor. "We ain't goin' to hurt you, we're jest shootin' up the sheep man and cleanin' him out fer good."

It was a good many months before Alberta knew what else had happened. It seems Fred had dashed out, too, and then Julia, and the Professor. All they heard were departing hoofbeats, the bleating of the dying sheep and the groans of Ernest Gay. Julia found her husband lying on the ground, badly hurt. Fred hurried to the stable to get a horse to ride for help, but discovered that the horses had all been stolen, and in the corral the sheep were dying, nearly every throat cruelly cut. Alberta's disappearance was not noticed until later when the excitement had somewhat subsided. Fred, returning to Julia kneeling there in the darkness, knew by her sobbing that all was over. Ernest Gay was dead.

As time went on, the Professor missed his wife, and went out into the darkness to look for her, while Hastings stayed behind to help Fred make a coffin. Julia sat by the fire all night, watching her husband's body. Towards dawn Johnston came back, thoroughly alarmed at finding not a trace of Alberta, his broken arm aching severely and his head hot with fever.

Too ill really to stand up, he offered no resistance when Hastings ordered him off to bed, and within a few hours the others had to leave him to dig a grave in a pretty spot on a hillside. Julia brought out her prayerbook, Hastings read the service, and Ernest Gay's body was laid away.

They were all now thoroughly alarmed about Alberta. "I must be the one to go and look for her," declared Hastings. "Johnston, the best thing you can do is to stay here until your arm knits, and I will find her and bring her back to you. Fred, you'd better stay to oversee the

dressing and shearing of those dead sheep, and hang their hides in the buckskin house, and bury those that can't be saved."

But the Professor insisted on going with Hastings, only to come back in a few hours, a very sick man who stumbled onto the doorstep and fell in a dead faint. Julia ordered him to stay and rest in the cabin until he was definitely better. Hastings went on alone, with his gun and rucksack filled with food on his back, in search of the armed cattlemen, whom now they felt certain must have carried Alberta away.

Fred, after the sheep had been salvaged as best they could, started on foot for Meekar, knowing the country too well to get mixed up in any controversy between cattlemen and sheepmen. Hastings got further insight into the feud when he found out that no one at any neighboring ranch would lend or sell him a horse to continue the search with, for they, being cattlemen, were prejudiced simply because he had spent the night on the Gay ranch.

But he was desperate with anxiety. He realized finally how deeply he loved Alberta, and frantic with worry, he determined to continue on foot and trust to luck. Within a few hours he thought he had picked up their tracks in the mud and made his way along a trail slowly up to the Flat Tops in search of the woman he loved.

From behind him an old trapper appeared. "Lookin' fer someone?" he inquired. "I seen yer eyes on the tracks back aways about a mile or so."

"Yes, I am!" answered Hastings. "I'm on the lookout for a bunch of cattlemen that shot up Ernest Gay's ranch, killed his sheep and did for him!"

"Do you think yer an Injun hoss tracker or a plumb dead shot?" returned the old man sarcastically. "If yer not, better leave the cow men alone."

"It's the girl they have taken I want to find," answered Hastings. "We have nothing to do with the trouble; we're just campers. I'm from Maine."

"You don't say so! I come from Maine myself thutty year ago. Seen' thet yer from Down East, I'll lend you my burro, and when you want to, you kin come back to the cabin for food. Fine girl, fine girl for sartain. I seen her on this air trail. She ast me to tell her folks, if I come across them, that she was all right, not to worry."

"You saw her? What way did they take?" shouted Hastings.

"Come along with me." And the old man took Hastings round to where his burro was nibbling grass. "You git on him, and then take that winding trail to the east'ard, foller it along and look alive! Good luck!" So off went the Easterner deeper and deeper into the wilderness.

WHERE was Alberta all this time? They had gone scarcely a mile from the Gay Ranch when the gag was taken off and the rope loosened that bound her. For a time they led her horse up a dark winding mountain trail. She was very quiet, for she was thinking of her husband and Julia and Hastings. What was going to become of her? She was worrying over the shooting she had heard. Was it someone dear to her, whose cry echoed through the dark? Had he been killed, or only wounded? Even if no one had been seriously hurt, what would happen now that her husband had been left in the too-affectionate care of his first wife?

All night they travelled, Alberta aching in every muscle, and hoping for the dawn. Presently a fainter blue appeared on the horizon, a

bird twittered, and then another. Streaks of rose color followed the blue and suddenly the sun leaped up. She noticed that the cattlemen were only three in number, others having dropped away in the darkness. They had taken off their masks, and looked not unkind. All about her was hilly spruce country glistening in the morning dew. Jack-in-the-pulpit, pink paint-brush, wild sweet peas and zinneas were in bloom, as well as the blue larkspur, poisonous to cattle.

Alberta gathered up her courage and spoke. "Good morning. I wish you would tell me what your name is, and if you're going to take me very far?"

She addressed the man riding beside her, evidently the leader. He laughed. "Howdy yourself! My name is Bosco, some call me Mr. Bosco, others call me Bosco-eat-em-alive. Take your choice."

"Well, Mr. Bosco, I wish you'd tell me what is happening."

"We're jest showin' folks we ain't goin' to be sheeped off our ranges, see? Cow and sheepmen can never bide in the same county."

"I reckon not!" joined in another of the gang, whom they called Shorty, riding up.

"We had just arrived, we had nothing to do with the trouble," explained Alberta. "Why, we're just campers!"

Bosco ignored this statement. "I reckon there wuz some shootin; but didn't have time to stop and see if anybody got badly hurted."

"Oh, I hope not! And why ever did you take me?" inquired the girl weakly, for she was utterly exhausted with the night's travel.

"Saw you in the doorway. Took a fancy to you," Bosco said.

The trail grew very steep, and boggy in spots. Here and there they saw red cattle with white faces, and Alberta noticed elk tracks. Her heart began to palpitate rapidly and she wondered what the altitude could be.

Just as she feared she should fall from her horse in sheer weakness, they stopped and made camp, and Bosco lifted her gently off. She lay semi-conscious on a pile of pine boughs while he caught a trout for breakfast. Bill—half-Indian—went off with his gun and brought back a grouse. Shorty built a fire, made coffee, and toasted bread and cheese on a twig over the fire, and after Alberta discovered she was not too tired to have a hearty appetite, she felt better.

For the first time she had a chance to study her captors. Shorty was a good-looking blonde boy, Bill big and dark, Bosco lean, strong, tanned and lined as to face, his lips straight and firm, a finely shaped head, and on the whole, he seemed to be a man to command and be obeyed.

Alberta began to think, after all, that he would be kind to her. He proved to be a real character; among his many accomplishments he could catch trout in his hands, hold a kettle of boiling water on his palm, and among a race of reckless men, he was so much more fearless and reckless than they, that he had been nicknamed "Eat-em-alive." To be sure, he said it was because he sometimes ate raw meat and fish with only salt as a condiment.

With a good meal, a rest, and the superb scenery and invigorating air, Alberta began to feel that everything would come out all right. She could not help liking Bosco with his absurd tricks, and the other men were kind and respectful. Bosco even became gallant and said Alberta was looking very handsome, notwithstanding her hardships.

Before long they pushed on. Through meadows and bogs and spruce timber they journeyed

till at last they reached the plateau of the Flat Tops. Bosco pointed out the Devil's Causeway, a small narrow natural bridge connecting two flat mesa-like mountains. But that afternoon they made camp near some snow left over from the year before, among beautiful great trees with the lovely Trapper's Lake far below in the distance, and Bosco hung the saddles on the trees so the porcupines could not chew the leather and Shorty went to cooking supper.

"There's the Chinese Wall and Pagoda Peak," expounded Bosco to Alberta, but before he had finished pointing out places to her, Shorty was yelling, "Come and get it before the flies do," and they had supper.

To entertain her the boys did stunts around the fire, turned handsprings and finally put up a dog tent for her to spend the night in, and slept themselves around the fire hobo fashion, their heads on one another's shoulders.

They awoke in the morning like gay children. Bosco said, "Had to grab Bill in the slats to wake him. Lor' how he did rare up, jes' like a broncho. Didn't have no time to git his shoes on, had to make the fire barefooted in the snow." They breakfasted with the same high spirits.

"But what are you going to do with me?" asked Alberta again of Bosco, after they had started off.

"Bosco!" yelled Shorty, galloping up, "what youse in such a rarin' hurry for? Nobody's arter us!" so Alberta got no answer to her question.

"I got a hundred and forty cattle and seventy horses and a good cabin," began Bosco gravely, evidently trying to entertain Alberta, but Shorty interrupted him again from behind.

"And I like girlie girls, but not boyly boys!"

Bosco paid no attention to his joke, but Alberta laughed. "She's havin' a dull time," continued Shorty; "can't you think of somethin' to give her besides conversation?" "We need some meat," declared Bosco.

"We'll soon be off the Flat Tops and out of the sheep country, then we'll give yer a wild west show this afternoon, soon's we ketch sight o' some of our own cattle."

"Bosco knows as how he's a great broncho buster!" jeered Shorty.

And indeed he proved to be the best rider when they stopped later. Bosco roped a steer around the neck while Shorty roped him around his right leg. Then they got off their horses and twisted the steer's tail and tied him. How he bellowed! When they killed him, Alberta had to look the other way. But on the whole she had been very keen about it all, and watched with excited eyes and laughing lips, and chattered away to Bosco, forgetting for the moment that she was kidnapped and had ever had a husband. In fact, she did not realize it, but she was looking with considerable admiration at Bosco.

But that night it began to snow heavily, and Alberta felt cold and far away and lonely, so in the morning she went again to her captor and implored him to tell her where he was taking her and what he was going to do with her. "I can't bear it any longer, unless I know what is going to happen to me."

"Oh, girl, we've been circling round a bit just to put 'em off our tracks."

"Yes, but how about me?"

"Thet's jest it. Yer not a sheep girl after all, but a reel lady. Took a fancy to yer when I first seen yer. Now I've got yer, don't know what to do with yer. Don't like to let yer go, might make a rumpus. Might make more of a rumpus if I keep yer. B'lieve I'd better take

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Hon. Arthur B. Williams—"There's a Reason"

Prominent business man and lawyer of Battle Creek takes seat in the House of Representatives for the third Congressional district of Michigan

FROM boyhood on a Michigan farm through studious days in school and college, seventeen years in law practice and twelve years in business, to a seat in the Sixty-eighth Congress, is, briefly told, the life story of Hon. Arthur B. Williams. From his quiet home in Battle Creek he has come to the National Capital as Representative from the Third Congressional District of his State, bearing political honors extended him by an appreciative electorate. Through this typical American career the personality of a most interesting man shines clearly. We see the figure of an ambitious boy seeking and acquiring a good education. A young man emerges turning aside from many of the allurements of youth to study law and achieve the goal of admission to the bar. We see an energetic and resourceful man entering upon a professional career that brought him fortune and the good opinion of the people of the community in which he lived. We see him in middle life rewarded with the high office of general counselor of a corporation of national scope, where he lays aside the drudgery of a general law practice and becomes advisor and executive director in the development of one of the greatest industries of this country. Finally, we see him rewarded by his fellow citizens and delegated with power to represent them in the legislation of the Federal Government.

With this broad foundation of experience and achievement, Mr. Williams takes up the task of legislator with abundant promise of success. He has had a life training as an intelligent and public spirited citizen of a progressive community in Michigan. He knows and senses the needs of the people of his adopted State. He is by birth, education and experience a loyal American, whose public spirit has been tried in the affairs of his commonwealth. During a part of his business career he was active in the development of the agricultural ideas of the late C. W. Post, in placing more than 1,000 families upon prairie farms at Post City, Texas, to establish a growing community. He was a member of the Council of National Defense during the World War, and assisted in the work of providing for the national armies in the field and on the sea. For a quarter of a century he has been one of the leading forces in the development of good roads in Michigan, and for many years was much interested in the movement for women suffrage in Michigan and the United States.

Among the public questions discussed in his campaign for the seat in Congress, which indicate the direction of his interest in national affairs, may be mentioned his advice to farmers to develop selling agencies for their products, which can be depended upon to lop off some of the large profits middle men absorb from the consumer. His proposition, not at all revolutionary, is so forcefully logical that it made a great impression in the pre-election days, and seems to have been one of the factors in securing for Mr. Williams



ARTHUR B. WILLIAMS, lawyer and business man of Battle Creek, Michigan, recently elected to Congress, was for a number of years one of the moving spirits in the "Postum Cereal" Company—holding at one time or another nearly every office but that of president of the corporation. He is strongly in sympathy with the needs of the farmer, and prominent in the work of development of good roads in his state

the majority of votes in his district. This proposition was nothing more than the development of the business of economic selling and distribution of farm products by the farmers themselves through organization and a study of market conditions. He proposed in short that a Federal plan should be adopted under which farmers could organize to overcome the difficulties arising from their large numbers and widely separated locations; these organizations to be subject to government inspection and published reports somewhat similar to the case of national banks, for the protection of the farmer members, as well as the public. Naturally, Representative Williams is found on the side of the farmer in the solution of the great national problem of agriculture.

Mr. Williams declares himself to be in harmony with efforts of economy in national expenditures, and the reduction of taxation. He has in effect promised the people of Michigan that by proper

means and as rapidly as the necessities of the Federal Government will allow, he will co-operate to secure a repeal of war taxes, and a lightening of the burdens resting heavily on the shoulders of the American people.

Mr. Williams was born in Ashland, Ohio, in 1872, but the family moved to a Michigan farm near the county seat town of Charlotte, when the boy was five years old. Hence Mr. Williams is, to all intents and purposes, a native son of Michigan. His education was pursued chiefly at Olivet College, from which institution he was graduated in 1892. From his parents Mr. Williams inherited the traits of both Dutch and Welsh ancestry. This in large measure explains the serious purpose of his boyhood and youth to secure a good education and live in a larger sphere of action than farm life promised in the closing years of the last century.

FOR the study of law Mr. Williams entered the office of the late J. M. C. Smith, in Charlotte. It is now thought something more than a coincidence that the pupil succeeds the master in Congress. Young Williams was an ambitious law student. He won the confidence of his preceptor and a lifelong friendship followed. Mr. Williams always paid tribute to his friend, and followed his work in Washington closely, and when Mr. Smith died in harness it was upon the younger lawyer that public confidence centered to take up the burden laid down by the older man.

Mr. Williams practiced law in Battle Creek seventeen years. He rose through the various grades of service to practice before all the courts of Michigan, various Federal District courts, and, finally, before the United States Supreme Court. His practice was of a most varied character, much of it being for the business enterprises which were developing between 1894 and 1911. In 1895 the Postum Cereal Company was organized in Battle Creek, to manufacture, sell and distribute the product invented by the late C. W. Post. It was called "Postum Cereal" and was designed as a breakfast beverage to take the place of coffee. It was made from certain cereal products and was claimed to be free from the narcotic effects of caffeine, the essential oil of the coffee berry. The corporation grew to large proportions, finally passing from the hands of the inventor at the time of his death in 1914. Its business offices were taken in 1922 from Battle Creek to New York, where Mr. Williams, then vice-president of the corporation, declined to go. Mr. Williams entered the Postum Cereal Company as general counselor, but during the years of his connection with it he held at one time or another almost every office but that of president. He was, with Mr. Post, one of the guiding spirits of the enterprise during the years of its development, and he steered the craft through legal waters and kept it safely in the current of progress.

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Henry Woodhouse—Thinker

He uses his wonderful brain to solve the problems of industrial science that have puzzled the best minds of Europe and the New World for a generation

THE world owes a tremendous debt of gratitude to the Thinker—the man whose brain is concerned exclusively with seeking solutions to those intricate problems of daily life that are somewhat loosely grouped under the generic title of “Popular Science.”

Fortunately for the progress of mankind he has appeared somewhere in the world in every age since civilization was born.

It is the Thinker, indeed, to whom civilization owes its being and its growth—because back of every advance in human knowledge of how to make the world a more desirable place in which to live he stands with his intent gaze fixed upon the distant future.

Leonardo da Vinci was a Thinker, who so gazed four centuries ago across the great gulf of years and saw a vision of the airship that has now become an accomplished fact.

Galileo was a Thinker—and he brought to the world the new era in experimental science that has blossomed so wonderfully in our own time. By the great power of his own mind he unlocked the sealed doors of scientific knowledge and gave to a world that was groping in the darkness of superstition a lantern of such wondrous light that its illumining rays have extended even to the present day.

Benjamin Franklin was a Thinker—and he discovered an entirely new science that paved the way for Morse and Faraday and Edison and a host of other electrical experimenters.

Christopher Columbus was a Thinker—and he discovered a new world.

Confucius was a Thinker—and he founded a religion that was older when Christ was born than the Christian religion is today, and yet so broad and comprehensive in its tenets that it embraced every requirement for right living in this materialistic age so far removed from the days when he gathered his devoted disciples about him.

And today, in the hurrying metropolis of America, close to the heart of world events, is a Thinker—a man who resolves the gigantic problems of industrial science into their component elements by processes of pure reasoning, experiment and research.

Henry Woodhouse holds the distinction of having to his credit seventy-six lines in “Who’s Who in America,” for pioneer achievements while still under forty years of age, and of being acclaimed an expert in a dozen branches of science and various professions.

George W. Ochs-Oakes, the editor of “Current History,” who has published articles by Woodhouse on numerous subjects, has written to him:

I certainly doff my hat to the gentleman who I think has concentrated in his career more dynamic energy and effective achievement in greater variety and diversity than any one I have met.

If you seek accurate information about aviation, exploration, radio, petroleum, rubber, natural resources, international economic questions,

Near East and Latin-American conditions, or the status of the prosecution of war frauds, or to find out what opportunities are open for a profitable career for yourself or your son, you are apt to find yourself on your way to Mr. Woodhouse’s offices at 280 Madison Avenue, New York City.

These offices have been made world famous during the past eight years by a series of epoch-making achievements planned there, including the great movements for the development of aeronautics, the starting of the aerial mail, the drafting of the first aerial laws, the making of the first maps for aerial navigation, the double transatlantic flight of the British dirigible, the R34, the application of radio and photography to aeronautics, the establishing of the first airport, and other pioneer twentieth century developments.

In this office, too, during the past three years were planned such epoch-making undertakings as Amundsen’s North Pole Flight Expedition, Professor David Todd’s project to photograph eclipses and Mars from aircraft flying above the strata of dense atmosphere, the demonstration of the causes and effects of the earth’s magnetism and other highly scientific projects, as well as such practical undertakings as the Chester Concession, which includes the right to construct and operate 2,700 miles of railroad, two ports on the Black Sea and one on the Mediterranean Sea, and the exploitation of oil fields estimated to have a potentiality of from 4,000,000,000 to 8,000,000,000 barrels, deposits of about 400,000,000 tons of rich copper ore, and over five hundred mines of platinum, gold, silver, manganese, cobalt, zinc, tin, iron, coal, etc.

“You’d better ask Henry Woodhouse,” or “Henry Woodhouse knows more about the subject than anybody else,” or something to that effect, repeated with variations by aviation experts and authorities in different parts of the country, and finding that Woodhouse’s six large textbooks have been, as an old pioneer like Thomas S. Baldwin put it, “the aviators’ bibles,” led the writer, as it has led many other investigators of aeronautic conditions, in the past, to Woodhouse’s office.

TELEPHONING to him for an appointment revealed in a way why so many important things land in Mr. Woodhouse’s office. The mention of the name Chapple brought congratulatory remarks from him about the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, its contents and achievements, with a familiarity that made the writer feel as if we were meeting an old friend.

“The NATIONAL is a source of reliable information. I read it and its contents are filed away for future reference,” he said later, when we were talking things over in his office.

On the extensive shelves, behind the wide sliding doors in his office, are several hundred reference files and in these are to be found hun-

dreds of pages of the NATIONAL, filed mostly by Mr. Woodhouse himself.

“I try to get all available information about worth while people, subjects, events, projects and places. Five dailies, about fifty weeklies and monthlies and the reports of the departments of various governments, and of large banks, industrials and institutions, supplemented by the service of an efficient clipping bureau, bring me a substantial amount of data daily. I begin by reading my favorite newspaper at breakfast, at seven A.M., then go to the office and scan the columns of the other four papers, marking for filing anything that interests me, so my secretary can cut out later and file. By this time the first morning mail arrives and brings a mass of reports which are quickly scanned and the unnecessary thrown in the waste basket, and others marked for filing, or held for further consideration. Some of what I call the “vital” magazines, like the NATIONAL, go on a stand, to be read at the first opportunity.

“Of the selected reports and magazine articles some are filed by me in my private office, some by my secretary in the Information Room and some in the reference files in the general office, but I know where everything is filed. I learned long ago that the knowledge of my secretaries or assistants is of no use to me after office hours, when there is time to work uninterrupted, so I keep track of the files, which are the sources of general information, and I know where to find the information I need when I need it after office hours. I tried for two years to have two shifts of secretaries, one working until midnight, but the night secretary was always at a disadvantage of not knowing what the day secretary had done. So I abolished the night secretary and made myself self-sufficient by establishing a filing system that enables me to find important information when I want it, without assistance.”

This system seems to do more than that. Six persons may go to Mr. Woodhouse’s office in succession and confer with him, for instance, regarding Near East affairs, the oil resources of the United States and Mexico, making archeologic surveys in Mesopotamia, the Monroe Doctrine, the latest radio discoveries and the world’s outstanding agrarian developments, and he will begin each time with a clear desk and fill it with valuable documents and data on the subject—and five minutes after the caller has left, with the information he wanted, the documents and data are back in the files and the next caller finds Mr. Woodhouse in front of a clean desk looking as if he had all the time in the world to take up any subject that might be presented.

The maps and photos on the walls, like the desk, are subjects of unusual interest.

On his wide glass top desk—the glass top covering a map of the world’s oil resources, a geologic survey of the Near East, a chart showing the hypothetical origin and the distribution of mankind by races, and a table of distances between



HENRY WOODHOUSE giving a practical demonstration of the effect of the magnetic pole on the compass on board Captain Amundsen's aeroplane in the proposed flight across the North Pole. Mr. Woodhouse is the leading authority in many departments of industrial activity—particularly mining, petroleum and aeronautics; and has attained prominence and standing in the scientific world by reason of his important discoveries in many branches of applied science

the world's principal places—can be found a large variety of interesting documents. On the occasion of the writer's visit the first thing that struck the eye was a set of photographs taken by H. H. Hammer, the man who flew from Spitzbergen, over the Arctic Ocean, to within five hundred miles of the North Pole, last July. The places photographed had never before been seen by human eye and Mr. Woodhouse was naturally enthusiastic as he pointed out on Amundsen's own autographed map the unexplored parts of the Arctic regions which the expedition under way expects to explore, and explained that the photos taken by Hammer are epoch-making contributions to the science of exploration, discovery, geography, photography and aviation—to say nothing of adventure and human enterprise and endurance.

A set of galley proofs brought the interesting information that Amundsen's ship, the *Maud*, is locked in the Arctic ice about five hundred miles north of Wrangel Island—where no man ever was before—and two radio messages are sent each day by the *Maud's* radio and are received by Norway and other stations across the North Pole, but not in Alaska—why, no one knows! Mr. Woodhouse started the scientific

world thinking about this phenomena and to help to solve this mystery he evolved a series of tests and as a result discovered one hundred radio, electric and magnetic mysteries which the collected knowledge of mankind cannot yet solve. To get the solutions, if they are at all obtainable, he enumerated and elaborated these hundred mysteries, collected all the available data on the subjects and phenomena involved and it is all to be put in book form. When that is done he plans to send a copy of the book to all the world's leading scientists, to get their opinions and urge experimentation to solve these mysteries.

One of the photos on the walls of his office shows Thomas Edison and Orville Wright—with Woodhouse in the photo—he arranged the first meeting between these two wizards of science. This was on December 17, 1913, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the first successful flight ever made.

Another photo shows Admiral Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole and first circumnavigator of the Arctic, whose new expedition is now in the Arctic, Captain Robert A. Bartlett, who was with Peary and is now planning an expedition of his own, Alan R. Hawley,

the pioneer aeronautic sportsman, who holds the long distance record in ballooning, and Woodhouse. He brought these world figures together and on the shelves of his large library of autographed volumes, which surrounds his private office, are autographed books by many of the world's leading scientists, including Peary and Amundsen's books "The North Pole," and "The South Pole," inscribed in each case "To my friend Henry Woodhouse." Captain Bartlett's autograph reads: "To Mr. Woodhouse, with sincere appreciation of his interest in me."

Admiral Fiske's autographed book, "From Midshipman to Rear Admiral," containing commendations of Mr. Woodhouse's work in naval matters, stands side by side to Hudson Maxim's "The Science of Poetry," Cleveland Moffet's "The Conquest of America," in which Mr. Woodhouse figures as one of the leading personalities called in the service of the United States during the national emergency; the proceedings of the Pan-American Scientific Congress, at which he was a delegate and Congressional documents containing the reports and statements made by Mr. Woodhouse before congressional committees by whom he has been invited constantly to give expert testimony on national questions since 1913, when his reports on the subject of national defense and aeronautics were first adopted by military authorities and included in official reports as authoritative documents.

The elevator men will tell you that in the ten years that Mr. Woodhouse has had his offices in that building he seldom failed to come to the office by eight o'clock in the morning, except when he is out of town. Eating no lunch, he is to be found at his desk until about six o'clock, when he leaves the office, for two hours if he goes to dine with friends at nearby clubs, or until half past nine when he attends formal dinners, where he often delivers addresses. Then back to the office, often working in full dress, until eleven o'clock.

"Some great people visit him every day, so he must work evenings," is the old elevator man's analysis of the situation. "And he is the happiest man in the building."

"Mr. Woodhouse resolves the most profound mysteries into problems as simple as a, b, c," said a noted scientist. The writer had occasion to witness the demonstration of how the North Magnetic Pole affects the compass of an aeroplane flying over the Arctic. He placed a piece of lodestone over the spot on a globe where the North Magnetic Pole is located and held a sensitive compass over the globe, at a height representing the height at which Amundsen's aeroplane would be flying to cross the North Pole. Moving the compass slowly across the top of the globe he demonstrated that its sensitive needle would spin around at places and stand rigidly at other places, vibrating as if held by an unseen force.

Very simple, apparently, but back of it are a number of epoch-making discoveries, made and demonstrated in Mr. Woodhouse's offices.

WOODHOUSE'S optimism and resourcefulness are proverbial. In 1916 he proved to the hard-headed automobile men who had charge of the auto show that the hole in the doughnut is valuable, by taking Grand Central Palace for an aero show and selling the hole in the center of the building for exhibiting a military balloon.

The auto show men had refused to manage the aero show because they said it could not be made to pay. Woodhouse managed it, sold the

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American Boy Becomes English Knight

Pomeroy Burton, once the "devil" in a little country printing office in Ohio, now a Knight of England and large shareholder in one of the greatest journals in the world

POETS may be born—not made—but all great journalists come to their high estate by way of a long and toilsome road. In no sphere of human endeavor are the prizes of honor, power, consideration and wealth more alluring than those that tempt the predestined genius of the Fourth Estate to lay his life upon the altar of high achievement. In none, likewise, is the goal of success further removed from attainment by any but the swift and strong.

Journalism is a jealous and a cruel mistress, as well as a coy and most uncertain one; demanding unquestioning loyalty from its neophytes, exacting the uttermost tribute from body and nerves and brain, imposing a rigid standard of ethics peculiar to itself—and bestowing its few and unpermanent favors with a niggardly and grudging hand; once in a blue moon perhaps sitting a chosen favorite upon the throne and crowning him with a wreath of laurel.

To be a mediocre journalist is to be the cringing sport of Fate: an unconsidered, unrewarded slave of the midnight oil and the one-arm lunch.

To be a successful journalist—as success is cynically measured in this most cynical of the professions—is to be a doggedly persistent toiler at a herculean task, attaining the glittering baubles of success and too often lacking the leisure to enjoy them.

To be a great journalist, remembered among the score or so of outstanding personalities whose names are known wherever the printed page is read, is to stand alone upon a lofty summit of achievement and make unhurried choice of the things the heart desires.

One thing is sure. No man comes to that high position by luck or chance—but by virtue of intensest effort, closest application and outstanding ability.

So came Pomeroy Burton within the space of two-score years from the "devil" in a little country newspaper office in Ohio, to be one of the principal owners of one of the greatest newspaper groups in the world and the recipient of a knighthood by England's king.

POMEROY BURTON'S life story is a veritable romance of work rewarded. Each step he took on the way to eminence in his chosen life work was a step forward and upward, and when he had fairly started to climb the ladder of success, he climbed steadily and swiftly to the topmost round.

It is something for any man to be able to say that he has gone as far as it is possible to go in the profession that he has chosen for his own—that he has reached the ultimate pinnacle of success. Yet Pomeroy Burton could say that very thing with truth.

The beginnings of the life of any man who achieves an unusual measure of business success or artistic fame possesses always a great interest as showing how his future career was influenced by environment or inherited ability—or,

conversely, how he triumphed over seeming obstacles and rose superior to the trammels of an unpropitious environment.

Pomeroy Burton's career exemplifies in fullest measure the latter classification, and in its earliest days held besides more than a touch of the romance of the early West where his boyhood days were spent.

He was born at Beaver, Pennsylvania, in 1869, and four years later his parents removed to the then frontier state of Nebraska, to take up a quarter-section of government land. There they lived for two years—first, in a small "adobe" or sod house of the period, later in a rude wooden structure, under the primitive conditions of the wild prairie.

It was a pioneer family from which this future newspaper man was sprung, and they lived as did other pioneer families on the western frontier, close to elemental Nature and under the rudest possible conditions.

His memories of boyhood days include such things as rattlesnakes, prairie fires, and snowstorms so heavy and so long continued that an unbroken white blanket wrapped their entire visible world, under whose glittering covering they dug long tunnels to the woodpile and the rude shelter of their cattle.

His father was a hunter and an unerring shot, and a chum and neighbor of William F. Cody—that almost legendary character of the great West known in later years the world around by the picturesque sobriquet of "Buffalo Bill"—a title that he earned while a hired hunter supplying the construction camps of the Union Pacific railroad with buffalo meat for food.

The Burton family lived largely on the prairie chickens, wild ducks and other game that fell to the rifle of the husband and father, and endured all the hardships and privations of early western pioneer life.

In 1876 the family returned to Pennsylvania, where the boy had his first formal schooling. Here for five years he attended school in winter and worked on his grandfather's farm and at his sawmill all summer. As he grew older and stronger he helped with logging both winter and summer and assumed an ever-increasing burden of the heavier farm work, such as plowing, harrowing, corn cutting, haying, threshing, corn husking and caring for the horses and cows.

It was hard work, heavy work, often beyond anything that a boy of his age should have been required to do—a case of "all work and no play," such as was lamentably often the stern custom of the time—and the boy acquired along with his growing stature and maturing mind a deep-rooted and ineradicable hatred of bucolic life.

They were unhappy years—those years of Pomeroy Burton's boyhood, that should by rights have been storing up golden memories for the future—but they were nevertheless years of hard and bitter training that toughened his soul and mind and body to withstand the hard knocks

that he was later to encounter and safely parry on his way to the goal of his ambition.

It is not a kid glove employment—the making of a newspaper. In scarcely any field of human activity is there such an inexorable demand upon the uttermost resources of the brains and bodies and nerves of its workers as in the production of a metropolitan journal.

In scarcely any is the return less commensurate with the drain upon vitality. To succeed—largely—in the game of journalism, rising from the ranks argues infinite capacity and endurance; capacity to assimilate the essentials of the most exigent of callings, endurance to withstand the repeated shocks of long-continued overwork of body and overstrain of nerves.

While still in high school, young Burton made his decision to break away and make his own way in the outside world.

In 1880 his father had moved to Youngstown, Ohio, and started a weekly paper, in the office of which young Burton, working after school hours and during the summer holidays, had gotten his first taste of journalism while washing rollers and learning to set type.

In the winter of 1885, therefore, when he landed in New York with two dollars in his pocket, his future was decided—he was going to be a "newspaper man" as journalists were then known.

Preliminary to his first assault upon the citadel of the news, he took a job in the printing office of which his uncle was the head.

FROM that day the story of Pomeroy Burton's career reads like a "Chronology of Success," so rapidly did he progress from one position to another of more responsibility and greater reward. Probably in all the annals of newspaperdom there has been no parallel to his steady and consistent climb up the ladder of Opportunity to the very top of his profession.

When the *Brooklyn Citizen* was started in the autumn of 1887, he secured a "case" in its composing room, which he held till some time in the following year, when he went to the *Brooklyn Eagle* as a compositor, was promoted to "makeup man," and later became assistant foreman.

In 1889, owing to throat trouble and general ill health, he was forced to resign his position with the *Eagle* and going to Cincinnati, Ohio, was for six months a sort of general manager for his father's weekly paper, *The Southwest*.

Returning to the *Brooklyn Eagle* in 1890, he did his first reporting under Don C. Seitz, with whom he afterwards worked on the *New York World*.

In 1892 he was promoted to desk work and became assistant city editor of the *Eagle*, acting city editor in 1894, and in the same year city editor.

In 1897 he became associate managing editor, and managing editor in August of next year.

In May, 1899, he went to the *New York World* as news editor at a salary of \$6,000 a year—



POMEROY BURTON, now one of the world's greatest and most successful journalists, began his remarkable career in the most humble circumstances, climbing by his own unaided efforts from poverty and obscurity to a position of wealth, power and influence such as but very few men attain

which was less than he had been receiving from the *Eagle*—and in July was promoted to the city editorship and a salary of \$7,000.

In June, 1900, he became assistant managing editor of the *World*; in May, 1901, night managing editor at a salary of \$8,500 per year, and in October its acting managing editor.

In October of 1902, following a close association with Mr. Pulitzer in New York, at Jekyll Island (off the coast of Georgia) and at Bar Harbor, Maine, and after a siege of very trying work as acting managing editor of the *World*, Mr. Burton was made managing editor with a

minimum salary of \$10,000, \$11,000, and \$12,000 fixed for the following three years, and in November of 1903 took over the Sunday editorship to establish a new magazine section.

In 1904, Mr. Burton, after refusing several offers made by Arthur Brisbane in behalf of William Randolph Hearst, finally accepted the managing editorship of the *New York American and Journal*, to begin at the expiration of his contract with the *World*. In October, 1905, he joined the Hearst staff at a salary of \$20,800 a year, and in March, 1906, was made managing editor of the *New York Evening Journal*.

In July, 1906, Mr. Burton was offered a position on Sir Alfred Harmsworth's editorial staff in London at a salary of \$25,000 a year, and in November he went to London, but a serious operation on his ear prevented his starting work until early in 1907 under a new contract at £5000 a year—renewed in 1908.

In 1909 he was appointed manager of Associated Newspapers, Ltd. (the *Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, *Weekly Dispatch*, *Overseas Mail*, etc.) at £5000 a year, plus an interest in the profits.

In 1912 Mr. Burton joined with a friend and bought out Sir Harold Harmsworth's and Kennedy Jones' entire interests in Associated Newspapers, Ltd., paying just over £200,000 for the same, and Mr. Burton was elected director at a £250 fee per year, also a member of the finance committee, and reappointed manager at £5000 a year.

On Lord Northcliffe's suggestion, in January of 1913, Mr. Burton bought Kennedy Jones' holdings in *The London Times*, amounting to 53,770 shares, for £30,000.

From the outbreak of the war in 1914 he worked closely with Lord Northcliffe and became the second largest shareholder in the *Daily Mail*, supporting the Northcliffe policy in every way, including his bold stand on the shell controversy when Northcliffe came out strongly against Kitchener—and when public feeling was so strongly against Northcliffe that the *Daily Mail* was publicly burned in many parts of England.

In 1915 Mr. Burton arranged a £50,000 free insurance fund for *Daily Mail* readers—this being the first big free insurance scheme ever carried out on an extensive scale by any daily newspaper.

In 1917 he was sent to New York by the British government on an important mission, and made speeches in many states, urging the Americans to realize their direct interest and responsibility in the great war. Mr. Burton thus paved the way for the British War Mission to the United States, and as a direct result of cables to Lord Northcliffe, who transmitted them promptly to the British War Cabinet, had the Balfour mission despatched post haste to the United States in time to join with the Joffre mission from France. This was extremely important as helping to a closer rapprochement between England and America, as at the time public sentiment in the United States was strongly pro-French and only lukewarm in the direction of the British.

In July, 1917, Mr. Burton made an extended personal report to the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, regarding the American situation, and laid many new facts before him as to the power and extent of the German propaganda throughout the United States. Immediately afterward he made an extended trip along the French war front.

In January, 1918, he was sent to Paris on important governmental work, remaining there until the Armistice was signed, doing much informal liaison work meanwhile between General Pershing and the American forces on the one side and British Governmental Departments on the other. He also worked in close touch with General Bliss and other officials at Versailles, as well as important officials in the French War Ministry.

In 1919 Mr. Burton made an extensive tour in the United States as the guest of the Executive Committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce, making speeches en route, urging a closer relationship between British and Americans.

In 1922 he began absorbing all the available

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Hawaii—Paradise of the Pacific

A scenic wonderland of sea-girt isles, volcanoes and towering peaks—a region where Romance and Reality walk hand in hand—where climate, scenery and native customs blend with never-ending charm

HAWAII, land of romance and rainbows, combines delightful climate, magnificent scenery, strange social structure, opportunity of rest and recreation, enthralling historic interest and compelling charm, in greater degrees than can be found in any other proportionate area on the surface of the globe.

The intangible, yet nevertheless real "Come-back Club" of Hawaii, is one of the largest fraternal units in existence, its membership being spread throughout the seven seas. The Prince of Wales, heir to the imperial British crown, joined the club on his trip around the world in 1920, as was proved by his "coming back" for a second visit on his way home.

Right well is this little archipelago of Uncle Sam called the "Paradise of the Pacific." Mark Twain, in not his first tribute to the isles he visited at the dawn of his fame, described them as

"The loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean."

Hawaii is well denominated the "Crossroads of the Pacific," being strategically situated upon the great trade routes between North and South America, eastward, and between the North Pacific coast and Asia and Australasia, westward.

Since the opening of the Panama Canal, eliminating the stormy Cape Horn route, the islands are brought into close intimacy with the eastern coasts and islands of all-America, as well as having for the first time regular steam intercourse with South American ports on the Pacific.

Hawaii has frequent mails to and from all sides. Cable and wireless systems afford instant communication with all the outer world, while wireless telegraphy brings the principal islands of the group together in rapid intercourse.

There is not a more equable and balmy climate in the world than that of the Hawaiian Islands. Winter is distinguished from summer chiefly by its slightly shorter days, also a greater degree of humidity. There are no extremes of heat and cold at habitable altitudes.

One year is just like another, so that the figures of one taken at random afford a fair criterion of the climate of Hawaii. They show for Honolulu an extreme daily range of 56 to 81 degrees for January, and 67 to 85 for July. At Kealahou, on the leeward coast of Hawaii, the daily mean for January is 64.8, and for July 68.6 degrees.

By **DANIEL LOGAN**
Author of "All About Hawaii"

Frost never touches Hawaiian soil at elevations where cultivation is practicable. Hawaii is a refuge from both the frigid and the torrid seasons of the temperate zones, north and south of the equator—a summer or a winter resort as one likes. Hurricanes have been almost unknown and but narrow of sweep in these islands. Velvety breezes prevail, cooling without chilling.

Hawaii's moonlight, especially along the seashore, once enjoyed is never forgotten. Lunar rainbows there are frequent and wonderfully brilliant. Science, in fact, has sought to establish an affinity between Hawaii and the moon. Professor William Henry Pickering, the astronomer of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University, visited Hawaii in 1905 to compare its crater formations with those in the moon.

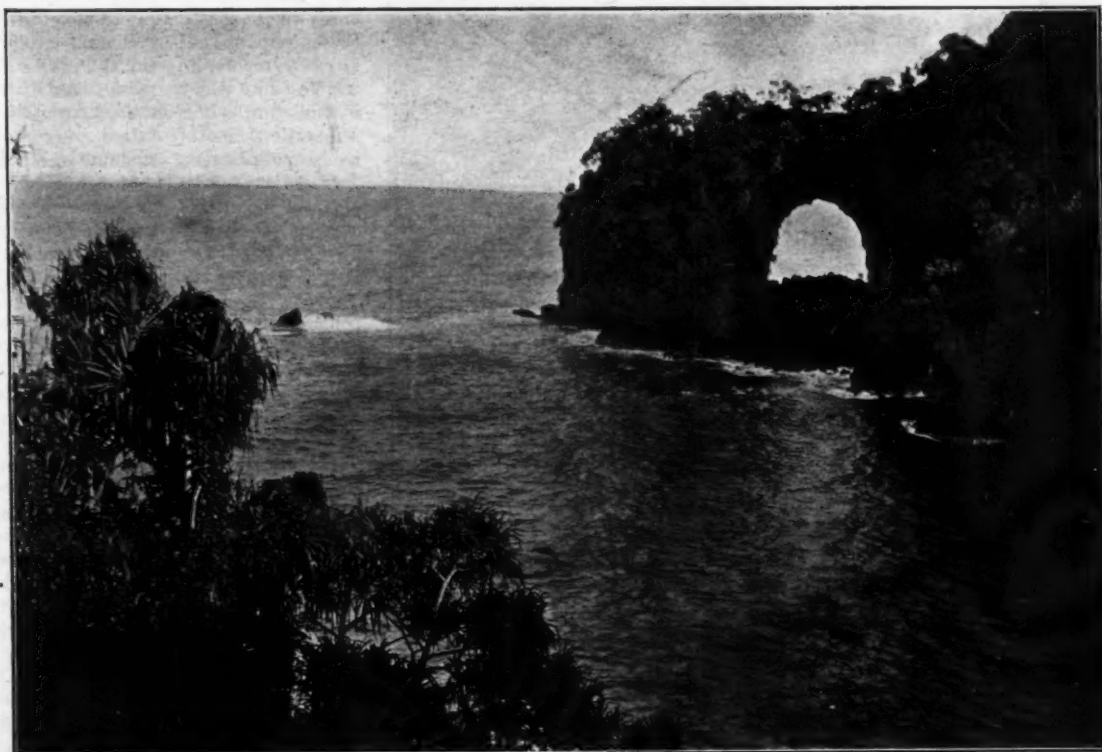
It is believed that the Hawaiian Islands were inhabited as early as the year 500. After their modern discovery they were called the Sandwich Islands, after the Earl of Sandwich, but this name has now become obsolete. The aboriginal people were supposed to belong to the same race as the tribes of Samoa, Fiji and Tahiti. These, in turn,

are by some authorities held to have come from old-world regions by way of Java. One theory makes the Hawaiians descendants of the Phoenicians, which is in harmony with their natural seafaring skill.

Driven from their far southern homes by war, as is supposed, the tribes that first colonized this group in the North Pacific found their way to the new Canaan in the watery desert without chart or compass. The main direction was probably derived from southerly drifting flotsam that indicated land to the north, but the course of the daring voyagers was laid by observation of the stars.

At their discovery by European voyagers at the close of the eighteenth century, the Hawaiians were found remarkably skilled in various ways—evidenced in the fashioning of their dwellings and canoes, their well-planned irrigation works, the splendor of the raiment of their chiefs, the ingenuity of their tools of artisanship, agricultural and fishing implements, their domestic utensils, their tapa-cloth beaten from bark, etc.

Withal, the Hawaiians proved to be the most amiable and hospitable people that any explorers in outlandish places had ever met. These fine qualities have not only remained with the Hawaiians throughout all the changes wrought by civilization, but have been stamped upon the



Natural Arch on the Seacoast at Onomea, Hawaii

alien society of the islands. Nowhere is the stranger in a strange land made more welcome than in Hawaii, or to experience at parting a keener home-leaving sensation.

Cosmopolitanism is an outstanding characteristic of the Hawaiian community. Here is the "melting pot" of the Pacific. A group photograph of a girls' seminary, in which English is the medium of instruction, comprised more than a score of racial varieties.

Nationalities are commingled in all sorts of organizations, and schools and playgrounds are aiding the process of transmuting alien elements into the pure metal of Americanism. Orientals too old to change their national peculiarities yet rejoice at their children's opportunities to qualify for American citizenship.

As for the laughing and singing Hawaiians, they take to American patriotism, with all its frills, like ducks to water. None can get ahead of them in the great national game of politics.

Mountain scenery rivaling the grandest on the globe is found in the Hawaiian Islands. In the middle of Hawaii, the largest island, Mauna Kea of 13,805, Mauna Loa of 13,675, and Hualalai of 8,275 feet elevation are broad-based domes reared by volcanic action. This force is still in operation, Mauna Loa being the seat of two active volcanoes, besides frequently emitting rivers of molten lava from its slopes. On the north side of the same island the Kohala range boasts a peak more than 5,500 feet high.

From some parts of the coast the rise to the higher elevations is gradual, while elsewhere vertical precipices of great altitude meet the proud waves of the ocean. At many points silvery

cascades of water streak the faces of the cliffs. These ribbon-like cataracts are common sights upon the coasts of all the larger islands, delighting the eyes of travelers on passing steamers.

Maui is an island of two distinct mountain mass formations, the smaller being a cluster of sharply serrated ridges and acute peaks, the loftiest 5,800 feet above sea level. Haleakala, a sublime dome, is the other portion, rising gradually to a height of more than 10,000 feet. Its summit embraces the largest extinct crater in the world, with a circumference at the rim of thirty miles. Within this vast cavity volcanic cones stand up which are veritable mountains themselves, while clouds come down and drape the sunken landscape. Sightseers climb to the top over night to view the gorgeous spectacle as the rising sun dissipates the rolling vapors, gilding them with its rays and filling the cavernous spaces with rainbow colors. "House of the Rising Sun" is the translation of Haleakala.

Oahu, seat of the territorial capital, is buttressed with two noble ranges—Koolau and Wai-anae—besides having several isolated mounds, of which Punchbowl overlooking Honolulu is both picturesque in itself and a viewpoint commanding a prospect of mountain, plain, ocean, valley and city—a scenic ensemble of almost unsurpassable charm. From this and other heights near Honolulu a good view of Pearl Harbor, one of the greatest of United States naval stations, can be obtained. Oahu mountains have seven major peaks ranging from 1,205 to 4,030 feet in height.

Kauai, "the garden isle," is built around the mountain bulk of Waialeale, from which radiate several ranges. The lay of its mountains gives Kauai more streams than any other island of the group. Waimea, canyon on this island has been likened, in a United States geological survey report, to the Yosemite valley in miniature. It is a favorite theme of landscape painters.

Molokai has an array of mountains as grand as that of any of its larger sisters, while its coastline is perhaps bolder. Its waterfalls tumbling over perpendicular cliffs from heights of many hundred feet are magnificent.

The smaller islands, passed by the inter-island traveler, have picturesque features in keeping with the beauty and grandeur of the group as a whole.

Forty years ago a famous woman traveler reproached Hawaii, by contrast with South Pacific groups, for having

aspect, with its russet-hued mountains devoid of foliage and verdure. This was a true portrayal then, but would not be so today. That is, excepting the great volcanic desolations, which, however, have a weirdness that discounts mere beauty. Thanks to public and private forestation, and the agricultural conquest of hillsides and plateaus, the sombre tints of desolateness have been replaced by all the diverse values of green, which, in the flora of Hawaii, are at once the delight and the despair of the colorist.

Mountains, however, are but the framework of Hawaii's scenic composition. Bare mention only can be made of the deep and fertile valleys, the great plateaus and seacoast plains occupied by prosperous gardeners and ranchmen, the illimitable reaches of sugar cane rustling in the breeze, the extensive pineapple fields with their purple rows geometrically criss-crossing both hill and plain, together with the quaint villages, the progressive shire-towns, the well-gardened army and navy posts, the orient-flavored labor camps, and, last but not least impressive, the eternal thundering of Old Ocean upon rugged coastline and coral-built reef.

There are several places within sheltered bays where the coral worm's construction work may be closely inspected. This is through the medium of glass-bottomed boats, or even over the gunwales of a boat, forests of vari-colored coral "trees" the "roots" many fathoms down and the "foliage" near the surface, being vividly in vision, especially under the clear sunlight, with gorgeously colored and curiously-shaped fishes darting in and out of the jagged caves.

The United States government has added the volcanoes of Hawaii to the National Park system. Through the territorial government it has acquired possession of a large area of land covering the two active volcanoes, Kilauea and Mokuaweweoe, on Mauna Loa, island of Hawaii, and a tract taking in the extinct crater of Haleakala, island of Maui, and has taken steps for the supervision of both compounds in the interest of visitors and investigators. This aggregation is officially entitled the "Hawaii National Park." One of the great boons for the public anticipated from federal management is the construction of roads for vehicular transportation, where now are but difficult trails, to the summits of Mauna Loa and Haleakala.

Honolulu, the capital city, regarded merely as a modern town, might be omitted from the catalogue of Hawaiian scenery. But it is more than an ordinary city of equal size on the mainland. Even its present-day business architecture, its industrial and commercial enterprises, its position as the half-way house of Pacific ocean traffic, together with its churches and schools, its hospitals and museums, and its abounding institutions of civilization, all carry an interesting story for everybody who knows aught of the small beginnings, a century ago, from which this mid-ocean metropolis has sprung.

By scenic standards, though, Honolulu rivals any city that can be named. From hundreds of lookout positions—even windows in the business section—enthraling visions of grandeur and beauty combined extend far and wide.

Internally, too, the city contains many objectives of strange interest to the occidentally-bred. Such are the oriental marts with their curious and rich wares, the polyglot crowds and the babel of sounds in the provision markets, the Buddhist temples and Chinese joss houses, the Japanese gardens on the banks of lily ponds and purling streams, the oriental hospitals and club houses; above all, the kaleidoscopic content of



A native Hawaiian Hula Dancer and Grass Hut of typical native construction

Next month's Travel Article: Zakopane—the Arcady of Poland, by Paul LeTallec

humanity. These are but a few of the attractions that make Honolulu of itself worth the cost of a trip to Hawaii.

Honolulu's best residence sections are simply an aggregation of parks, with their wealth of tropical flora around castles and bungalows. There are opulent suburbs crowning the hills and nestling in the valleys, the clouds moistening the roofs on the higher locations, and all cooled by balmy trade winds.

There are up-to-date hotels, many of them catering especially to resident and sojourning families, and cafes second in appearance and style to none in any mainland city. Parks for the public, also playgrounds for children, are established in all quarters of the city, and the public beach resorts are now being methodically extended and improved.

What is said here of Honolulu will apply, proportionately, to Hilo on Hawaii, Wailuku on Maui and Lihue on Kauai, the other shiretowns of the territory.

Hawaii's attractions are not handicapped by any degree of inaccessibility. Comfortable steamers ply between the islands. The larger islands have railways connecting their traffic centers. Good roads extend in all directions from the towns, in some cases being scenic in themselves, here twisting and winding their way along the faces of dizzy precipices—guarded with concrete parapets—and again skirting the sinuous coast line with ocean spray cooling the traveler's cheek.

There are bridle trails, to negotiate which is an adventure of a life-time. Hiking trails are marked for the confirmed pedestrian and the incorrigible mountain climber.

What many consider the supreme object of a visit to Hawaii—a close-up view of Kilauea volcano—is a matter of a round trip from Honolulu of but sixty hours, with every comfort of land and sea travel.

A look into that lake of fire leaves a never-fading impression upon the mind of the beholder.

Although Hawaii has never bid for fame as a sportsman's paradise, yet there is something doing all the time in sports and pastimes.

Horse racing is a holiday function at Honolulu, Hilo and Kahului, and polo is well organized and equipped.

Baseball has been the leader for generations, some of the great-grandfathers of the present having introduced it on primitive Honolulu's esplanade. There are leagues in every town and at every army and navy post. Chinese have gone from Hawaii with bat and ball to win victories in America and Asia. Colleges of Japan send crack teams to Hawaii, and Japanese residents are leaders in the American game in the territory. Players of Hawaiian blood have performed in big league ball in the States.

Golf is available to visiting devotees upon several links, and the premier course at Oahu country club, in Nuuanu valley, Honolulu, commands a magnificent view of mountain, vale, and ocean.

Lawn tennis and football are well sustained in their seasons. There are frequent visits of champion tennis players. Cricket, too, is organized.

Hawaiian swimmers having frequently placed their country "on the map," including triumphs at the world's Olympic games, it is hardly necessary to say that natatorial exercises are particularly conspicuous in the islands. Tournaments in the harbor and indoor tanks are among the most popular of entertainments. Surfboard riding and surf-canoeing are nowhere practised with more zest than "on the beach at Waikiki."

There is hunting in season of duck and plover, dove and pheasant, a license being required, likewise for certain preserves a permit; yet it is not difficult for the stranger with proper introduction to obtain the privileges.

For the big game Nimrod there is opportunity to stalk wild cattle, pigs, deer, and goats, the shooting of which is encouraged by land-owners and government forest conservers.

Shark-hunting can also be easily arranged for, and it is particularly exciting.

The "hukilau," a native ceremony of hospitality, is a treat for visitors. They are invited by the hosts to assist in hauling great nets full of fish to land through the ocean surf, after which the catch is distributed among the members of the party.

Directly afterward there is likely to be a "luau," a feast in ancient Hawaiian style, where, in "the real thing," fingers take the place of knife and fork, and at which suckling pig, fish and sweet potatoes baked upon red-hot stones underground, besides the national potage, "poi," together with strange Hawaiian condiments made of kukui nuts, seaweed, etc., served on fern strewed boards upon the ground, make a repast never to be forgotten by the "malihini," or "tenderfoot" in American parlance.

The largest of the group, the island of Hawaii contains an area of 4,015 square miles, being more than twice the combined area of Maui, Oahu, and Kauai. It is smaller than Connecticut and much larger than Porto Rico. Hawaii is formed by the coalescence of four large volcanoes—Kohala, Mauna Kea, Hualalai, and Mauna Loa. The first three are extinct, but Mauna Loa has two active craters. Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet above sea level, is not only the highest mountain in the Hawaiian group, but the highest island mountain in the world.

Kilauea, the largest active crater in the world, is on the southeastern slope of Mauna Loa. It is a huge sunken basin, 2.93 miles long, 1.95 miles wide, 7.85 miles in circumference and 4.14 square miles in area. On three sides the crater is walled by perpendicular cliffs between 200 and 500 feet high. Near the center is the pit of Halemaumau, or lake of fire, on the edge of which one may stand in safety and see the molten lava

boiling and spouting—sometimes only a few feet, and again hundreds of feet below, and occasionally even overflowing the rim of this inner pit and streaming out upon the floor of the main crater or caldera. Periods of inactivity in Kilauea occur only at intervals of years. It has now



Hawaiian Coconut Palms—the trade mark of the tropics

been continuously active, most of the time violently so, for several years. At the advent of 1921 its turbulence was such as had scarcely ever been equaled in living memory. An observatory for scientific investigation of the phenomena is maintained on the brink of the caldera jointly by the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

There is no more impressive natural wonder on the surface of the globe than this Hawaiian volcano, and there is none of earth's marvels more easy of access by the traveler.

Mokuaweoweo, the summit crater of Mauna Loa, is active about as rarely as Kilauea is quiescent. When, at intervals of a few years each, there is an eruption of Mokuaweoweo, it furnishes a spectacle at close view as awe-inspiring as Kilauea in its most lively moods. It is more difficult to reach, there being only a bridle trail over extremely rough slopes from below, but a movement is afoot for the construction of a road to the sublime height.

These craters, however, do not monopolize Hawaiian volcanic activity. Quite often lava flows burst from the slopes of Mauna Loa and

For the remainder of this article by the leading authority on Hawaii and its history, resources and attractions, turn to the Travel and Resort Section on page 327.

The Moaning of the Pines

What thoughts are sometimes busy behind the mask that is worn by those pitiful figures, the blind lead-pencil venders, is told in this poignant bit of pathos

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

FOR many years Blind Jim stood each day, rain or shine, with his back against a pillar of the elevated railway station at Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, offering shiny red pencils to the passersby. When the weather was clear and the street teemed with shoppers, many pennies dropped into the toy tin cup that hung from his neck by a cottonstring, for he was a pathetic picture as he stood with his hat in his hand and the hot sun pouring down upon his sightless, upturned face, but when "raindrops splashed upon his face," he seemed more pitiful still, and nickels often took the place of the copper offerings.

He was but one of many who shield the rawness of their plea for charity behind the mask of the sale of some petty article of slight value, and his face bore the typical lines of pleading woe of the city beggar who makes his infirmity support him and adds to its commercial value by a simulated sadness.

No one knew whence Blind Jim had come, and none cared, least of all those who had the pleasure of hearing their pennies tinkle in his cup. He had stood there many years. He was there when the earliest shopper hurried by to get the pick of the day's bargains, and he was there when the last clerk went home at night.

Blind Jim lived in one of the short streets near Hudson Street, in a house that had once been a fashionable home. It was now the cheapest of boarding-houses. He had long since learned the way to and fro, and walked it aided only by the tapping of his stick. He had not been off the path that led to his home for many years. But one day he went on a long journey.

Near that hollow of the hills where Amsterdam Avenue dips down to cross Manhattan Street, near 126th Street, Blind Jim had a niece, and one day she died and Blind Jim bought the aid of Pete O'Shay, the newsboy, and under his care visited the rooms where his niece lay dead, and having done what little he could, started home again.

It was the twenty-fifth of September, and the dying leaves on the fine old oaks in the university grounds rustled in the brisk breeze that blew across the wilderness of roofs of New York, bringing a saltiness that was only a stickiness in the warm air of the upper city. Fleecy white clouds hurried across the sky like snowy ships bound westward in an ocean of purest blue, and the sun was alternately hidden and revealed as they passed across its face. It was a fair autumn day.

Blind Jim decided to walk home. Leaning with one hand on the shoulder of Pete O'Shay, he walked slowly up Amsterdam Avenue, using his cane to tap the stone before him as he walked. Pete O'Shay was getting what he could out of the corpse of a discarded cigarette and slapping the telephone poles as he passed them, in an attempt to find as much amusement as he could in a very dull job.

THE electric cars rushed by with a clanging of gongs and a whirl, the horse-cars passed with a tinkle of bell and iron shoes, and an occasional wagon rattled along, but Blind Jim walked with his face in the air, drinking in the stillness of the day, for still it was, indeed, compared to the ceaseless noise of his wonted corner.

As he neared the University, the rustle of the leaves struck his ear and opened the doors of his memory. He turned his sad, sightless face toward the trees greedily. He had been born in the country. His mind hastened back to the years when he was a boy, when he could see the trees, when he had a mother, when he was not a blind beggar on a corner of stone-paved New York, listening to the rattle of trucks and cars, and elevated trains, but a brown-legged country boy, digging his toes in the warm dust of the road and listening to the sound of—what was that sound he missed?

He walked on, keeping his face turned toward

the trees, and Pete O'Shay wondered what was there and looked and saw only a great iron fence and some big trees and looked away again unconcerned.

What was that sound he missed?

It would not recall itself and Blind Jim drew his brow into a frown of thought. Some sound, it had been, that was most typical of his boyhood. Some sound that came to him—was it by day or by night? By night! That was it! The pines! The uneven whistle of the sighing pines, as he lay waiting for the sleep that came so quickly then. The sighing of the pines as he lay in his bed beneath the sloping roof of the old house. What would he not give to hear it again.

An electric car rattled down the hill, its gong threatening death to some one on the track, and then a horse-car toiled laboriously and slowly up the hill, and before it had passed from hearing, a truck rattled by.

As the noise of the truck ceased, Blind Jim stopped and stood with one hand raised and his face tense with listening. Softly and uncertainly at first, then clearer and more pronounced came the heart-breaking sighing of the wind among the pines. He stood like one in a trance and his hand gripped the shoulder of Pete O'Shay sharply. He was back, back once more in his little room under the eaves; his upturned face glowed with childish pleasure and then dulled into a sorrow that was not simulated. The sighing of the pines! Two tears rolled from his eyes and ran across his cheeks as so many raindrops had run.

DO you hear it?" he almost whispered.

"Yep," said Pete O'Shay.

"I was born in that sound," said Blind Jim, "and I love it. It makes me remember the time before I was blind. I like the sound of the wind in the pine trees."

Pete O'Shay looked at the remnant of cigarette, decided it was too short to be of further service, and cast it aside.

He said nothing.

"I am going to have you bring me up here again," said Blind Jim. "Remember where we are. I want you to bring me right here."

"Sure!" said Pete O'Shay.

"I didn't know there were any pine trees in New York," said Blind Jim softly.

They moved on and then stopped to listen again to the wail of the wind.

Pete O'Shay wriggled uneasily. The evening edition would be out and he would lose his "reg'lars" if he didn't get down town soon. He cast one contemptuous glance around.

"Come on," he said, "an' don't stan' here all day. Dem ain't no pine trees. Dat's just de wind a-blowin' troo de tellyphone wires."

Blind Jim put his hand forward as if warding off a blow. Then he set his lips close and stiffened his back to straightness.

"Well, take the car," he said.

Christmas

WHILE shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven
to men,
Begin and never cease."

—Nahum Tate

The Love-Sick Skipper of the "Hardlyable"

"The waters you're a-sailing on now, Harve," says the dock watchman, "are mighty deep, and they haven't ever been properly charted, and there's rocks and shoals where you'd least expect them. You want to take soundings pretty frequent and keep a good lookout for breakers ahead"

By MAITLAND LEROY
OSBORNE

HO! ho! ho!" wheezed Uncle Tobias asthmatically when the last speaker amid a chorus of laughter had concluded his story of simple Dannie Dever's wooing of the widow Hoog, and had reached for another mug of coffee and a generous wedge of pie, "'minds me, that does, of how young Harve Jewett came pelting home from the Banks in such a tearing hurry to ask Cap'n Oldham's girl to marry him."

"Tell us, Uncle Toby," guilefully prompted Bennie Joe, setting his mug of coffee carefully down upon the locker beside him and winking at the "chiel among them" with portentous significance.

It was well along into the heel of a sociable evening, and Uncle Tobias, the dock watchman, had foregathered with the group of fishermen in the forec'sle of the *Molly O* to "mug up" and join in the story-telling inevitably incident to that particular kind of social gathering.

"The chiel among them," not being initiate, but a mere interested spectator admitted upon tolerance to the charmed circle, smoked his pipe in respectful silence and drank his coffee gravely the while he took his fill of listening to epic tales of those who go down to the sea in ships.

"Ho! ho! ho!" chuckled Uncle Tobias, fumbling in the pocket of his cardigan jacket for his well-blackened pipe, "young Harve surely was a driver, if ever one sailed out of Glo'ster, and he drove the *Hardlyable* till he fair pulled the sticks out of her in the end, but the way he drove her home from the Banks that one time I have in mind surely laid a little over any other trip he ever made."

The speaker had found his pipe and began a painstaking search for his tobacco, but desisted to accept tribute from the proffered pouch of one of his hosts.

"Thank'ee," he mumbled, his utterance impeded by the pipe stem clenched between his teeth. Then presently—puff—puff—the pipe was well alight and Uncle Tobias, leaning comfortably back against a bunk board, satisfactorily launched on the sea of narrative.

"Prime tobacco, that, man. Well—I sailed to the Banks along with young Harve in the *Hardlyable* that trip, and a few before that one, and many a one afterward for the matter of that, so I know right well how he set a record that trip for driving that even he wasn't likely to equal again.

"Maybe some of you remember young Harve and the *Hardlyable*? He's cap'n now of a big freight steamer—New York to Liverpool—and has been, this ten years or more, but the time I'm telling you about he was skipper of the *Hardlyable* out of Glo'ster, fishing on the Banks. And a fine, trim, handsome little schooner she was, 120-ton, new off the stocks when young Harve took her for his first vessel.

"Young Harve hadn't hardly been skipper of the *Hardlyable* a year when folks began to shake their heads and talk about how he'd drive her

through fair weather or foul, never taking a reef in a sail, once it was set, whether 'twas a sailing breeze or a regular no'the-easter blowing, so long as it looked like it wouldn't lift the sticks plumb out of her.

"Must have cost the firm—Pettigrew & Pettigrew it was that owned her—a lot of money for new sails, but seeing as Harve generally brought in a full fare of fish and most always beat the rest of the trawling fleet to market, I guess they didn't complain overmuch.

"And Harve didn't have any trouble getting a crew, either, for all he got to have the name of being such a reckless sail-carrier. Stands to reason a man will take some chances shipping with a skipper that's got a reputation like young Harve was getting of always carrying the broom to the masthead, when the earlier he gets to market the bigger his share is going to be. Only the older men, with families, didn't usually ship with Harve more than a trip or two.

"Well, after a while young Harve found out that he'd gone and fell in love with Cap'n Oldham's daughter Nannie. I remember he was considerable surprised about it at the time, for he told me all about it, off and on, a little at a time. You see, I was most twenty years older than Harve, and had known him since he was a baby, and had sailed with his father, old Harve Jewett, before him, so young Harve naturally sort of confided in me, as you might say.

"'Would you believe it?' Harve says to me, shaking his head puzzled like, 'here I've known that girl pretty near all my life,' he says, 'and never knew she was any way different from any other girl, and now all to once—bang!—I go and fall in love with her. I can't understand it,' he says.

"'Which you never will,' I says to him. 'Because why? Because it ain't intended that you should,' I says, 'no more than we understand why there's mackerel by the million in one place in the sea one day, and the next day maybe there ain't one within a hundred miles. The waters you're a sailing on now, Harve,' I says, 'are mighty deep and they haven't ever been properly charted, and there's rocks and shoals where you'd least expect them. You want to take soundings pretty frequent and keep a good lookout for breakers ahead.'

"Well, young Harve hadn't no more than found out that he was in love with Nannie than he found out some other things, too. For instance, he found out that his father, old Harve Jewett, and Cap'n Oldham had run foul of each other some way years before, and that the Cap'n hated anybody by the name of Jewett worse than he hated Unitarianism, which was a whole lot and some to spare—for personal reasons that don't concern us.

"But that didn't worry young Harve any. What did worry him, though, was when he found out that Steve Parker of the *Break o' Day* was going a mile out of his way home from the docks at the end of every trip, so he could pass by Cap'n Oldham's house and say good day to Nannie.

"When young Harve found that out, he was just naturally mad enough to bite a chunk out of the starboard bitt. 'I've half a mind to go aboard the *Break o' Day* and pound his fool head, Uncle Toby,' he says, holding his two fists up and looking at them like he'd just discovered what they was for.

"'Yes,' I says, plumb disgusted, 'that would be real bright, wouldn't it? When Nannie got to hear of it she'd be real proud of you, wouldn't she? Fighting and brawling all up and down the North Atlantic Ocean like a drunken fisherman. I'm ashamed of you, Harve,' I says, 'for suggesting of it. Why don't you go and ask her to marry you, if you're so plumb set on the idea?'

"'How in thunder do I know whether she'd say yes, if I did?' asks Harve, red and uneasy.

"'How in thunder will you know if you don't?' I snaps at him, and there the matter rests for a while.

"Meanwhile we're off for the Grand Banks again for halibut and cod. Fine weather it was and good fishing day after day till we'd nearly filled up, and then the barometer began to drop, slow and steady, the way it does before a big storm. We'd a matter of eight or nine thousand cod or so, and maybe thirty-five thousand halibut, and a few thousand hake and haddock stowed away when the *Little John* came to anchor half a mile to windward of the *Hardlyable* after putting over her dories.

"'There's Luke Bassett,' says Harve, 'just come from Glo'ster. Guess I'll row over and find out how the market was when he left,' and he drops overside into a dory and pulls away.

"Half hour or so later, while I was overhauling a tub of trawls, I looks over towards the *Little John* and I see Harve rowing back like he was late to dinner. Couldn't seem to get his oars into the water fast enough to suit him, and the dory was piling up a wake behind her like a motor boat. He sure was in a mighty big hurry about something, and he came tumbling over the rail all out of breath and mad as a scorched hornet.

"'What's the matter, Harve?' I asks him, untangling a snarl in a ganging line. 'Matter!' he yells, glaring at me like I'd insulted him, 'matter enough for us to get in them dories on the run and start for Glo'ster. And when we start, we'll go a-smoking,' and he tramps back and forth on the quarter, pawing at the air like he wanted to punch somebody's head.

"'All right, Harve,' I says, 'when you say jump, we jump of course, seeing as you're the skipper of this here vessel—but what's it all about?'

"Then he kicked a draw bucket half the length of the deck, and having relieved his feelings some, he calmed down a little and explained. Seems he'd heard from Luke Bassett how, the very day after we sailed, the *Break o' Day* had limped into harbor with a hole in her quarter you could row a dory through where a steamer had banged into her in a fog the night before while she lay at anchor. Consequence of which the *Break o' Day* was hauled up on the railway for repairs, and Steve Parker had two weeks idle time on his hands to court Nannie Oldham if he was so inclined.

"Of course Harve was dead sure that Steve's inclinations would run that way, and it made him most crazy to think that while Steve maybe was sitting on Cap'n Oldham's front porch and making love to Nannie, we was way out there on the Grand Banks, seven hundred and fifty miles or thereabout away, and that it would take two days and three nights sailing with a favoring wind for him to get ashore and try to bust up the combination.

"Well, with the cook's help we heaved up the anchor and got it aboard, run down and picked up the dories in quick order and headed away for Glo'ster, hanging out every stitch of canvas to the wind that the *Hardlyable* had spars to carry, and the barometer still falling, mind you, like it had no notion of ever stopping. Four full lowers and both tops'ls and the big balloon we spread out, and Harve himself took an extra half-hitch to the halyards when the storm stays'l went up between the top-masts, like he meant it should stay there till it blew away.

"And inside a couple of hours it began to blow, and before midnight a regular full-fledged North Atlantic gale was howling through the rigging. We saw a three-master to windward, plugging along under reefed mains'l and jib, and skipped by her like she was tied to the dock, and later way to looard we got sight of the riding lights of another vessel laying to anchor—but there was no reefing of sails or coming to anchor for the *Hardlyable* that night.

"Half a point more west, and drive her," says Harve to me when I took the wheel in the second watch, and he had to holler to make me hear, for the wind took the words from his mouth and blew them away to looard like dust. The *Hardlyable* was heeled over till the waves poured over her lee rail forward in a steady stream and rushed aft like a river running down to the sea. The

scuppers couldn't begin to let it out, so fast it came, and it piled up till half the deck was awash and Martin Beers and me, lashed to the wheel, were up to our knees in water with every other wave.

"Black dark it was, too, till the lightning began to play, and then it was so blinding light that it would hurt your eyes, only between whiles it was blacker than ever. And the thunder, rolling and rumbling and banging like a thousand cannon, and the wind howling through the rigging and the pounding of the big black waves against the bow of the *Hardlyable*—man, but it was a terrific night. A man don't sail to the Banks for the halibut fishing every season for going on thirty years like I did without seeing some nasty weather, but that night, seems to me, was about the worst I ever saw for that time of year, and before it was over I'd have been glad to swap my share in the trip for a chance to step ashore on the dock at Glo'ster.

"But the harder it blew, the better it seemed to suit Harve. 'She's a bird, ain't she, Toby—a regular bird?' he hollers into my ear when the *Hardlyable* lay over till it looked like she was sailing on her side instead of her keel. 'I'll bet she's making all of fifteen knots right now,' he says, holding onto a rope end to keep from sliding overboard. 'If this breeze holds we'll make a quick trip.'

"If this breeze holds long enough we'll maybe make a quicker trip than we want to,' I hollers back, 'and to a place we don't want to go—and that's the bottom,' I says. 'Taint safe to carry all that canvas in such a wind. First thing you know we'll be sailing with the keel in the air if some of it don't blow away.' When the lightning flashed I could see the top-sticks bending like whips, and every sail was tight as a drum-head, straining against the wind.

"It's most new canvas,' says Harve, 'I guess it'll hold—and we're a long ways from home. A half point more west, Toby—and drive her—drive her,' he says.

"And drive her we did, hour after hour till daylight, and all that day and all the next night, with the gale still blowing and the big waves piling in over the bow and sliding aft, and all that time with Harve on deck, holding on to a rope end and up to his knees in water except when he'd slip below for a few minutes at a time for a cup of coffee and a bite to eat.

"And Steve Parker ashore all this time, making love to Nannie, and we loafing along here like it didn't matter,' Harve would growl from time to time, shaking his fists. 'If this breeze only holds till we raise Eastern Point maybe I'll be in time to cook his goose yet.'

"Well, the breeze did hold, and the canvas and the rigging held, and the *Hardlyable* with her lee rail buried under three feet of foaming water came flicking round Eastern Point like a gull just after sun-up on the third morning, and up the harbor we drove with everything drawing like we meant to sail right up Main Street—and then it was all hands on the jump to get the canvas off her, and we slid up to the dock as smooth and easy as a vessel sliding from the ways.

"Report me to the office, Toby,' says Harve, 'I'm in considerable of a hurry to get up town,' and away he sails up the dock with a fair wind abeam and sets a course for the nearest barber shop.

"I goes to the office and reports our arrival and then I have a square meal with trimmings and turn into my bunk to make up some of the sleep I've lost, and I don't know anything more till well along in the afternoon when Harve comes stamping into the fore'stle, looking as tickled as a boy with a new knife.

"Wish me joy! you lob-sided old barnacle,' he shouts, grinning all over his face. 'Nannie is to be a sailor's bride—and I'm the sailor.'

"So you cooked Steve Parker's goose after all?' I asks him, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes and setting up in my bunk.

"Sailed all round him,' says Harve, slapping his knee. 'He's been up to the Cap'n's house every evening this two weeks, playing checkers till midnight with the Cap'n and trying to make love to Nannie, and she pretending she didn't know what he meant. And I sailed in right under his bows this forenoon with everything drawing a low and aloft and won the race.'

"Ho! ho! ho!" wheezed Uncle Tobias, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "young Harve certainly was a driver—that he was, and an able seaman too.

"Well, boys, I must be going along," and suiting the action to the word he dropped his pipe into the pocket of his cardigan jacket and soon his rheumatic footsteps had climbed the companionway, crossed the deck and echoed away into the darkness down the dock.

Tales From a Canteen

Continued from page 307

yer to my cabin now the snow's begun. We'll be snowed in soon for the winter."

"Keep me for the winter!" cried Alberta in alarm.

"I'll treat yer white. Kin yer cook? Will yer larn me? I do want some eddication awful bad."

"No, no, take me back, please!"

"Can't do it, girl," was all that Bosco said.

SO there they stayed in Bosco's cabin for several months, and Alberta found she was not unhappy. She taught him many things, and little by little she came to be fond of this strong man of the woods, and as for him, he loved her from the beginning. One day in the early spring when the sun was warm, and the flowers peeping out, he took her in his arms and said, "I want yer for my own woman," and she answered simply, "I believe you are the only man I ever loved."

Across the mountains the Professor and Julia in their cabin were finding that they had made a mistake in ever leaving one another, for they too had been happy during the long winter as they had never been before.

When the spring came the old trapper from Maine found poor Hastings and the burro dead in a snowdrift, and in the man's pocket a will leaving all his money to Alberta.

In one of the towns through which they had passed during their journey, he had had it drawn and executed, almost as if he had had some prevision that the journey was to be his last. The old Down Easter became the go-between of the two couples, and matters were finally satisfactorily adjusted for both. The Professor and Julia eventually went back to the college when his Sabbatical year was over, somewhat to the surprise of the rest of the faculty and the Board of Overseers, who were not used to seeing any

of their number depart with one wife and reappear with another. However, since he had remarried his first wife, the trustees, after gravely discussing the matter, decided to overlook it.

As for Bosco and Alberta, she educated him to such purpose that he rose to prominence in the county, and finally they went to make their winter quarters in Denver. Hastings's bequest gave Bosco the leisure to take up other interests. Politics began to attract him; soon he was elected to the State legislature, where his powers of attack from the floor of the House again called to mind his former nickname, "Bosco-eat-'em alive!" He was so picturesque a figure that all the papers featured him, and he came to be more and more widely known. His last election was by so large a majority that a good many people think it will not be long before he goes to Washington as Representative from Colorado.

In the Glitter of the Footlights

Impressions Gathered by RIL in a Survey of
Current Offerings on the Stage



Elsie Janis Gives a Concert

WHY had Miss Janis forsaken the musical comedy for the concert stage? It began to worry us, and so we took the most direct means of solving the problem.

There was a large, buzzing audience in the concert hall. The stage was draped with a black and gold brocaded stuff suggesting the newest Japanese motif in the newest California bungalows. "Ho! Ho!" we said to ourselves, "Miss Janis will doubtless do a geisha-girl dance or imitate Madame Somebodyorother singing 'Madame Butterfly.' This will be rich." But alas, she never did.

While we were craning our neck in futile attempts to see who was taking our most favorite lady friend to the show that night, a smiling accompanist dashed upon the stage and straightway began to tinkle the prelude to a sentimental ballad. The next moment there was a uniform gasp of astounded delight from the audience as the world's handsomest man strolled serenely out. He was simply ambrosial: tall, dark, majestic, patrician and—earnest. The heart of every woman in that hall was troubled, and righteously so, too. Why he was up there singing in an inoffensive baritone when he might be piling up a tremendous fortune as a movie star, a musical comedy star (the type employed by Mr. Ziegfeld to come downstage and sing about "The girls of my dreams"—while they shift the scenery backstage), a life-guard, a model for underwear or collars—I cannot imagine!

This stunning young man is named Walter Verne, and he sings just as well as a sturdy, fine, clean, upright American man should sing. There was nothing of the unhealthy madness of genius in him or in his voice. We infinitely prefer—but never mind.

Then came Elsie herself. No older, no change in her habitually buoyant and intimate manner. She told us in a little curtain speech (à la ingenue movie-star in the personal appearance tour), that she had eschewed musical comedy for the concert stage because the latter gave her opportunity for snuggling up closer to her audience. And for the rest of the evening Elsie snuggled up. After the most approved Jolsonian technique, she took us into her confidence, perfect hostess that she is, made us quite at home at her party. She sang some character songs which moved this particular section of the audience to an overwhelming desire for a certain little cafe near Symphony hall—where mellifluous beer is on tap. Then she sang a charming Italian love song, all about a pretty lady with a rose. We were charmed and decided we could wait another hour for our beer. After one verse and a chorus—perfectly delightful—she sang it in stage Italo-American. And promptly shattered the charm of the entire performance.

The next course on the menu consisted of a blond and bovine violinist, one Rudolph Bochco,

who, without a doubt, played that sublime instrument as coldly and as stupidly as anyone we have ever had the misfortune to hear. First he played "Meditation" from "Thais" (what a pity Massenet died before the advent of motion pictures—what incidental music he might have written for them); then he played Sarsate's "Zigeunweisen," a ridiculous show-piece consisting of innumerable roulades, arpeggios, variations, etc., on nickleodeon themes. At first we were merely bored. Then we began to giggle and by the time Mr. Bochco had extracted, with pontifical solemnity, the last ornate measure from his fiddle we were stuffing a handkerchief into our mouth to keep from guffawing aloud. After his performance it would have been perfectly congruous for Mrs. Goopus, the Principal, to come forward and make a short address to the graduating class.

After that, there was an intermission. In the words of our dear departed Bert Savoy, "I loved the intermissions; Dearie, you should have been with us—the intermissions were grand."

Mr. Verne again came forward and obliged with two earnest baritone solos all about "A little brown bird singing" and "a blind ploughman." He sang them exceedingly well. But a man so handsome should do nothing to distract one from the scrutiny of his pulchritude. The ladies in our vicinity were cruelly perplexed: How could they shut their eyes and float off in ecstatic dreams evoked by his viscous baritone and, at the same time, keep devouring him with their eyes?

Miss Janis, bedight in an affair that resembled a black velvet potato sack, returned to dance some dances "in costume"—as the program has it. We were so interested trying to puzzle out the significance of the costume that we completely forgot to watch the dancing. Anyhow the customers liked it immensely and applauded with lavish hand.

Mr. Bochco put in his final appearance and played something or other while we slept peacefully.

Like the sugar in the bottom of the toddy,

Continued on page 326



ELSIE JANIS—the incomparable Elsie of the A. E. F.—the vicarious sweetheart of two million homesick American soldier boys across the seas—whose flashing smile, whose gay unflinching banter, whose rollicking songs helped thousands of them at the zero hour to go "over the top" with a laugh on their lips and a glow at their hearts—though the smiles she flung at them so prodigally were wrung from her tortured heart and the songs from her anguished soul. Brave little lassie that she was—she too "carried on" to the very limit of endurance

TICKLING *the* NATION

*Humor—best ORIGINATED during "bright college years,"
but best APPRECIATED in the years that follow*



STAGE STUFF

Hero (clinking with heroine)—Sweet-heart, my every waking thought is of you. (You been eating onions again?)

Shero (soulfully)—And I count the minutes till I will see you again. (Whad'ye think this is, a fight?)

He—When I embrace you I am capable of only heavenly thoughts. (Why the hell don't you use buttons instead of pins? Think I have a cork arm?)

She—My prince! (Who ever told you, you could act, etc.?) —*The Lehigh Burr.*

"IS MY WIFE FORWARD?" ASKED THE PASSENGER ON THE LIMITED.

"SHE WASN'T TO ME, SIR," REPLIED THE CONDUCTOR POLITELY.

—*The Pitt Panther.*

Senior—Well, I shall wear the square cap this June.

Frosh—Yes, and I'll bet it's the first time you will ever have worn anything that fit your head.

—*Cougar's Paw.*

First Stude—I made an "A" grade in chemistry this morning.

Second Stude—Honest?

First Stude—What difference does that make?

—*Cougar's Paw.*

"I love the ground you tread on,"

A wondrous tale he told.

For they live in the Klondike,

Where ground is full of gold.

—*Froth.*

Mother—That young man had no business to kiss you last night.

Daughter—But that wasn't business; it was pleasure.

—*Chaparral.*

Butcher—These are the best sausages we have had for a year.

Customer—Let me see some you've only had for about six months.

—*Juggler.*

SLANG

Dr. L. W. Cole, professor of psychology, has an individual and caustic manner of expressing his opinion of modern youth. In class the other day he said:

"A bit of slang I heard the other day shows how the boys and girls think now. It was at a dance I heard it. Some slick youth came up to a girl and said: 'Will you park your chin on my shoulder for this one?'"

—*Dodo.*

A DELICATE QUESTION

Dean's Son—Father, why do they call this a newspaper?

Dean—Because it prints news, my son.

Son—And why do they call the university catalog a bulletin?

Dean—Go away and stop bothering me!

—*Purple Parrot.*

THE ROLL OF HUMOR

The largest number of contributions for October were selected from

Pitt Panther

(University of Pittsburgh)

First Bimbo—Don't shoot! The gun isn't loaded.

Second Ditto—Can't help that. The bird won't wait.

—*Dodo.*

HUH?

Was it my fault because

I stepped into a

Doorway to light a

Cigarette, and because

In that same doorway

A very pretty miss

Was standing in a

Quite becoming pose

Removing a piece of

Chewing gum which had

Become engaged on one

Of her rubber heels, and

Because she looked up

With a frown when she

Saw me and then said,

"Rubber!" (just like that)

I assumed a haughty air

And answered,

"So are mine."

Was it my fault?

—*Voo Doo.*

Visitor—And what is your name, little boy?

Victim—Patrick Henry O'Brien, mum.

Visitor—Named after the famous orator, I suppose.

Victim—Yes, mum. Long time after.

—*Purple Parrot.*

Globe-trotter—I was captured, tied up, and gagged by bandits twice while abroad this summer!

"And how does that differ from the way our vaudeville theatres treat us?"

"Not much, excepting that the gags they used were new ones."

—*The Brown Jug.*

NEARING THE GOAL

Sympathetic Prof. (to football hero)—How near are you to the answer of the fifth problem?

The Hero—About two seats now, sir.

—*Whirlwind.*

"Is your brother, the bank cashier, behind in his accounts?"

"No, no! Brother's not behind. The bank's ahead."

—*The Brown Jug.*

Cavalry Recruiting Officer—Where did you learn to ride a horse?

Applicant—On the back, sir.

—*Purple Parrot.*

CLARK—WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR DULL SAFETY RAZOR BLADES?

HALSTED—SHAVE WITH THEM, MOSTLY.

—*Purple Parrot.*

Auto—Why is a puppy in an ice box like kissing a pretty girl?

Mat—'Cause it's a doggone nice.

—*Voo Doo.*

Yearling, at McCall's—I'd like to see something cheap; in a felt hat.

Clerk—Try this on. The mirror is at your left.

—*Whirlwind.*

Sunday-school Teacher—The Lord made the world in six days and on the seventh He rested.

Little Willie—I knew it—another Union man!

—*The Brown Jug.*

"I say, what are you digging that hole for?"

"Tappin' the gas main."

"What for?"

"Why to commit suicide, o' course."

—*Juggler.*

She—How long does it take you to dress in the morning?

He—Oh, about twenty minutes.

She (proudly)—It only takes me ten.

He—I wash!

—*Pitt Panther.*

Jones (contemptuously)—People like you make me tired, changing your good old name to a highbrow "Smythe." (Proudly) Did you ever hear of a Jones changing name?

Smythe—Yes, I married one.

—*Bear-Skin.*

Trolley Line Linking Three Hundred Cities

Wisconsin man becomes one of the leading public utility operators in the United States. Establishes enviable record as engineering expert in the development of the lighting, power and traction field

By W. C. JENKINS

WISCONSIN has brought to the front several men who have distinguished themselves in the halls of Congress and in military service to the nation, and within that state are many manufacturers today whose energies and abilities have won considerable fortune and much local fame.

It remained, however, for an Oshkosh boy, born of parents in moderate circumstances, to become one of the leading public utility operators in the United States. No other product of Wisconsin has ever had under his immediate care so much property and wealth, and no other man cradled in that state has achieved greater success in the fields of engineering and public utility management. This Wisconsin man is William A. Baehr, Vice President and General Manager of the Illinois Power and Light Corporation.

Thirty or more years ago United States Senator Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin, was one of the leading men of the country, eminently successful in business, a power in legislative affairs at Washington, and, withal, one of the nation's greatest philanthropists.

Senator Sawyer befriended young Baehr during his course at the Wisconsin University and after his graduation, and later, when his son Edgar P. Sawyer came into possession of the Oshkosh Gas Light Company, the young man for many years held an important position with the Company.

Senator Sawyer was very helpful to many worthy Wisconsin boys and girls. He never boasted of his philanthropies; his generous deeds were performed without any publicity, but every worthy person who appealed to him for assistance found him a friend.

The important position held by William A. Baehr today can, to some extent, be traced to the encouragement given him in boyhood days by the late Philetus Sawyer. But to Edgar P. Sawyer, Mr. Baehr says he owes much, and on account of his many years of close personal contact with the latter, he takes warmest pleasure in testifying to his wonderful integrity, his sense of fairness, and his great desire to do right and well and good things for the people of his community, and to all associated with him.

There is no doubt but that the business and moral ideals of Edgar P. Sawyer, as well as of Senator Sawyer, had much to do with forming habits of sobriety and integrity in young Baehr. He could not find men whose lives were more worthy of emulation. Such precepts, combined with good health and energy, can only lead to unbounded success in this great land of opportunity.

We often watch people travel the road to recognition without knowing the rules that govern their activities or the motives that guide their conduct. Hence, it will be a matter of considerable interest to the million people in the territory served by the Illinois Power and Light Corporation to know that the man who directs

the affairs of this great public utility organization is dominated at all times by the ideals he gained in boyhood days from some of Wisconsin's great philanthropists.

When Mr. Baehr first entered the lighting and traction fields, public utility management on a large scale was in its formative period. Franchises, in those days, were big assets. Hence the early dealings of public utility managers in reference to rates and service were largely with the municipal authorities. Public Service Commissions were almost unknown.

Mr. Baehr's early connections in the public utility field were with men who had high ideals and who keenly felt the responsibilities of their positions. The ideal state, they believed, was a satisfied public whose confidence had been won through courtesy, fair dealings, and honest service at fair rates. These are the factors that

have placed Mr. Baehr in one of the highest public utility positions in this country.

Under such methods of management public utility securities have been found to be splendid investments, and it is worthy of note that every corporation under the direct supervision of Mr. Baehr has eventually proven to be a money-maker for the stockholders; and this is generally true of public utility companies whose officials are men of ability and integrity. They realize that the interests of the consumers and of the owners of the companies are strictly mutual.

Mr. Baehr has always striven to avoid any entangling alliances with men whose schemes were illegal and dishonest. The best asset the utilities can possess, he believes, is the confidence of the people. It has always been his policy to invite just criticism, and welcome suggestions; to rectify errors with the utmost alacrity as soon as they are discovered, and to strive by word and deed to show that his chief ambition is to serve the people faithfully and honestly.

Years ago the consolidation of public utility enterprises was regarded as a procedure against public policy. It would give the men at the head of such organizations dangerous powers, people believed. As a general proposition this philosophy is false, for the reason that when honest men are at the helm, consolidation means the elimination of many useless expenses, produces a better buying power, insures a higher type of engineering and scientific skill, and, automatically, better service, as well as permitting financing of the vast sums required today in extending service to all.

It is of vast importance to the success of any public utility enterprise to have such a noted public utility engineer as William A. Baehr as the operating head. Then again, the elimination of local presidents, vice presidents and directors as a result of centralized management, so that the business can be directed by one set of officials who are specialists in public utility operation, insures the utmost economy and the greatest satisfaction to customers.

No single public utility enterprise in one of the smaller cities can afford to employ the class of engineers and managers whose services are available when the enterprise is a part of a consolidated system. Such an organization can engage the best specialists in the business. Consolidation and management under the holding company have been the means of rescuing many small companies from dire distress.

Perhaps one of the most important innovations recently introduced by Mr. Baehr and associates into public utility affairs under their control, is the plan of customer ownership. Effective measures have been completed to carry on a campaign to direct the securities of the companies into the channels of local investments.

This plan has several advantages. It provides a safe investment for local people who have little



WILLIAM A. BAEHR, Vice-president and general manager of the Illinois Power and Light Corporation

or large capital at their command; operating profits are kept at home and the dividends turned into the channels of local trade, and, furthermore, the management can count on the co-operation of a host of stockholders in the development and conduct of the business.

Public utility investments, especially the securities of well-managed corporations are highly recommended by present-day financiers. Wall Street New York and La Salle Street Chicago capitalists regard the securities of companies under Mr. Baehr's management as among the very best.

Mr. Baehr was born at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, on September 15, 1873. After graduating from the civil engineering course at the University of Wisconsin in 1894, he engaged in general engineering work for a period of three years, when he became superintendent of distribution of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. From this position he went to Denver as superintendent of the gas department of the Denver Gas and Electric Company, where he remained until 1903, when he became chief engineer of the Laclede Gas Light Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

In 1909 Mr. Baehr opened offices in Chicago as consulting engineer. He has been employed by many of the utility companies of the United States, including the Southern California Edison Company; the Oshkosh Gas Light Company, Oshkosh, Wisconsin; Public Service Company of Northern Illinois; Illinois Northern Utilities Company; Middle West Utilities Company; Southern Counties Gas Company of California; Minneapolis Gas Light Company, Minneapolis, Minn.; Peoples Gas Light & Coke Company; Kings County Lighting Company of Brooklyn; Georgia Railway & Power Company, Atlanta, Georgia; Omaha Gas Company, Omaha, Nebraska; North Shore Gas Company, Waukegan, Illinois, and numerous other utility companies scattered throughout the country.

Mr. Baehr has also been employed on many occasions by various municipalities, commissions and governmental bodies, including New York; Wheeling, West Virginia; Buffalo, New York; and Middleton, Ohio. His work embraced appraisals, investigations of conditions as to service and the designing and construction of new works.

With the organization of the new Illinois Power and Light Corporation last June, Mr. Baehr became a vice-president of the company, and later general manager.

Scores of properties, old and established successful public service enterprises, producing electric power and light, gas, heat and ice, and operating street car systems in some of the most populous and prosperous municipalities in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma and Ohio, were affected by the merger.

The transaction also carried with it the taking over and control of the Illinois Traction System, a large electric interurban railway with a network of lines in Illinois, the largest electric trunk line railway in the world; and other utilities, of which the most important are the Des Moines and Central Iowa Electric Company and the Topeka Railway and Light Company.

It also carried with it the taking over and operation of all of the properties of the Southern Illinois Light and Power Company, a great network of public utilities in Southern Illinois with headquarters at St. Louis.

During November the company also purchased the holdings of J. Ogden Armour in the Kansas City Power Securities Company, which owns

the common stock of the Kansas City Power and Light Company.

Another property acquired during the month was that of the Monmouth Public Service Company of Monmouth, Illinois, sixteen miles west of Galesburg, Illinois. The plant manufactures electric power, gas, heat and ice.

Much new building and many improvements for the expansion and growth of the company's properties are under way, or being planned, and will be announced from time to time as the plans are ready.

The latest betterment and the largest announced since the organization of the Illinois Power and Light Corporation, is the new steam generating electric power station for the Des Moines Electric Company at Des Moines, Iowa.

Plans for the station were announced in December. It will have an ultimate capacity of 200,000 horsepower and cost more than \$16,000,000.

Work on the first section, consisting of two units of 33,500 horsepower each, total cost \$6,000,000, will begin as soon as bids on material and equipment have been obtained and orders placed. Additional units of 50,000 horsepower each will be added as the growth of Des Moines requires.

The plant will be located on 63 acres of land near the southeast city limits of Des Moines, below the junction of the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers.

Another improvement will be a new electric double circuit, steel tower transmission line that will be built from the big power dam at Keokuk, Iowa, owned by the Mississippi River Power Company, to the Illinois Power and Light Corporation distributing system at Galesburg, Illinois. Also an extension from there to Galva, Illinois. The entire length of the line will be 96 miles. The line from the dam to Galesburg will carry 66,000 volts and the one from Galesburg to Galva, 33,000 volts. The improvement will cost \$1,250,000. The new line will follow the Mississippi River up to Fort Madison, cross at this point and then extend northeasterly to Galesburg, following generally the main line of the Santa Fe Railway.

The company is also busy building a new steam generating power plant at Tecumseh, Kansas, which will serve the large demand in the Topeka and surrounding territory.

New transmission lines are being built in Madison County, Illinois, also the power capacity increased at the Venice, Illinois, power plant by the installation of new turbines, one of which has been installed having 20,000 kilowatt capacity.

The Illinois Power and Light Corporation is now serving more than 300 municipalities in the Central West, one of the richest and most flourishing sections of the country. The properties, too, it will be seen, are strategically located for extensions and expansion through the building of superpower plants connected with great steel tower transmission lines. The heart of the network of properties in the territory served in Illinois, is traversed by the swift moving trains of the Illinois Traction System, not only doing a large freight and passenger business and connecting direct with all of the big steam lines, but carrying coal and material for the company's own properties along the line.

Well-known men of wide experience in public activities of the country are at the head of the new organization. The roster of officers includes:

United States Senator William B. McKinley,

Chairman of the Board; Clement Studebaker, Jr., President; William A. Baehr, Vice President and General Manager; H. L. Hanley, Vice President; Scott Brown, Vice President and Secretary; George M. Mattis, Vice President and Treasurer; P. C. Dings, Chairman of the Finance Committee; George T. Buckingham, General Counsel.

The directorate is composed of William A. Baehr, Herbert W. Briggs, Scott Brown, George T. Buckingham, H. E. Chubbuck, P. C. Dings, John W. Esmond, Charles F. Glore, H. L. Hanley, Stephen E. Hurley, Edward N. Hurley, T. B. Macauley, George M. Mattis, William B. McKinley, Matthew Mills, George T. Niedringhaus, Walter H. Seavey, George M. Studebaker and Clement Studebaker, Jr.

The power and light properties of the Corporation comprise electric generating stations with an aggregate capacity of 256,000 horsepower installed or in process of installation, and distributing systems furnishing electricity without competition to 181,068 customers in a business field of over 700,000 population, including among others the cities of Decatur (43,818), Danville (33,776), Bloomington (28,725), Belleville (24,823), Galesburg (23,834), Champaign (15,873), Jacksonville (15,713), Cairo (15,203), Granite City (14,756), La Salle (13,050), Centralia (12,491), Ottawa (10,816), Urbana (10,244), Mt. Vernon (9,815), Peru (8,869), Clinton (5,898), Normal (5,143), and Venice (3,895), Illinois; Des Moines (126,468), and Oskaloosa (9,427), Iowa; Topeka (50,022), and Atchison (12,630), Kansas.

The gas properties have an installed daily generating capacity of over 18,500,000 cubic feet of artificial gas and distributing systems serving 68,370 customers in a business field of over 375,000 population, including, among others, the cities of Danville, Urbana, Champaign, Decatur, Belleville, East St. Louis (66,767), Centralia, Clinton, Jacksonville, Galesburg, La Salle and Cairo, Illinois; and Oskaloosa, Iowa.

The city railway properties comprising over 235 miles of track, serve the cities of Danville, Champaign, Urbana, Decatur, Peoria (76,121), Cairo, Quincy (35,978), Bloomington, Galesburg and Ottawa, Illinois; Atchison, Topeka, and Wichita (72,217), Kansas; and Oskaloosa, Iowa, and are fully equipped with car barns, repair shops and rolling stock.

The electric trunk line railroad comprising over 556 miles of main line modern standard gauge railroad is fully equipped with automatic block signal systems, repair shops, car barns, and freight and passenger cars. This system connects the cities of Peoria, Springfield, Bloomington, Danville, Urbana, Champaign and Decatur with Edwardsville, Granite City, Madison, Venice and St. Louis, entering St. Louis over a steel toll bridge owned by the Corporation in fee, into its own terminal in the heart of St. Louis. Another trunk line connects the cities of Joliet, Ottawa, Marseilles, Peru and Princeton. Over one-half of the gross revenues of the electric railroad are derived from freight, express, power and miscellaneous non-passenger sources, a division of revenues which is believed to be without parallel among systems of comparable magnitude.

Following is a list of Illinois operating companies which now carry the name of the Illinois Power and Light Corporation: Bloomington & Normal Railway & Light Co.; Citizens Lighting Co., La Salle-Peru; Clinton Gas & Electric Co.; Citizens Pure Ice Co., Jacksonville; Consumers Water & Light Co., Marseilles; Danville

American Boy Becomes English Knight

Continued from page 312

shares in the *Daily Mail* and Associated Newspapers Company, with the result that when Lord Northcliffe died on August 4th of that year, he had become by far the second largest shareholder, next to Lord Northcliffe himself. After the death of the latter, Mr. Burton continued to purchase a large number of shares in addition to his previous holdings. Through the consequent reorganization of the company and the enhancement in the value of these shares, he has realized a very substantial fortune.

In 1923, in recognition of his services during the war, Knighthood was conferred upon him by the King and announced in the birthday honors list on June 30, being confirmed at the King's investiture at Buckingham Palace on July 25.

The chief hobby of this one-time "devil" in a little country newspaper office in Ohio, now risen to a position of great power, honor, influence and wealth in England, is the good old Scottish game of golf—with horseback riding and bridge as close seconds.

In work and in play his interest remains as keen as ever, and one of his greatest joys now is to use his hard-earned fortune for the benefit of others as well as of himself.

Henry Woodhouse—Thinker

Continued from page 310

hole in the building and did other impossible things and made a profit of over \$15,000.

It has been said of him that he could find ten ways of doing anything when others could not find one, and that when he was directing the Pan-American Aeronautic Congress at Atlantic City and the weather was stormy twenty-two days out of thirty-two, he cheerfully stated that since "storms cannot be had to order," the storms were valuable, and changed the program to show what could be done by aircraft, radio and magnetic devices in stormy weather.

Another time he was delivering an address to the American Geographical Society and the lights went out as the slides were being shown. Without a pause he asked the audience to imagine themselves as being in an aeroplane, flying in such pitch darkness, and explained to them the difficulties of orientation and detecting the drift, height and direction of flight of the aeroplane and told them that a radio compass would solve most of these problems.

By this time the lights came back and Woodhouse resumed his address, with the audience applauding his resourcefulness.

When Mr. Woodhouse began working for the realization of man's centuries' old dream of flying, man's assets with which to achieve human flight consisted of the empty sky and his desire to fly, so it is not surprising to find that he was considered one of the highest authorities as early as 1910. In the radio field he is also a veteran pioneer because he co-operated with the earliest pioneers in the application of radio. In astronomy, the oldest of sciences, he is a pioneer because he co-operated with Professor David Todd, the noted astronomer, in evolving the revolutionary plans for studying the heavens from aeroplanes flying at heights of over 30,000 feet above the dense, dust-laden atmosphere that wraps the earth at lower altitudes; and to create artificial eclipses by photographing the sun from aeroplanes through devices that screen the sun like an eclipse, and to study Mars from aircraft,



Crossroads of Conversation

Could the telephone directory in the hands of each subscriber be revised from hour to hour, there would be no need for the information operator. But the directory cannot at one time list all subscribers. Even during its printing and binding, thousands of changes take place in the telephone community. New subscribers are added to the list. Old ones move their places of business or of residence.

Though their names are not listed on the directory, these subscribers must be connected by the highways of speech with all others in the community. To supplement the printed page, there must

be guides at the crossroads of conversation.

Such are the information operators, selected for their task because of quickness and accuracy, courtesy and intelligence. At their desks, connected with the switchboards in central offices, they relieve the regular operators from answering thousands of questions about telephone numbers that would otherwise impede the rendering of service. If they are asked for numbers already in the directory, service is retarded.

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which is to be undertaken by an expedition now being organized. He is considered a pioneer in exploration because he was first to introduce the use of aircraft for exploration; in physics he holds the distinction of having discovered and defined one hundred of the most basic mysteries in the realm of physics, the solution of any of which, it is admitted, would revolutionize the electric and radio industries, making the first, he estimates, a \$5,000,000,000 industry and the second a \$1,000,000,000 industry.

Another of Mr. Woodhouse's progressive hobbies, archeology, resulted in making him a world authority on petroleum and international questions. In following archeologic research he studied geology and the origin and the history of the various races of mankind and when he saw the sketches of the delta of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers made by the naval expedition

of Sennacherib, when he invaded the country seven centuries B.C., and of Alexander the Great's naval expedition three hundred years later, and read the records that the Mesopotamians lit pools of water-like substance in honor of Alexander, and Biblical records tell of pillars of fire and Biblical personages set "water" on fire, he had no trouble in ascertaining that it was petroleum from seepage that had been used in the past, and that such records as Sennacherib's sketches and the Bible and Herodotus's accounts were excellent guides for locating heretofore unknown oil deposits. By applying his knowledge of geology, at the end of fifteen years the data collected enabled Mr. Woodhouse to complete a survey of the world's oil resources and, acting upon that survey he and his associates applied to the Turkish government for and obtained the extensive concessions in Turkey.

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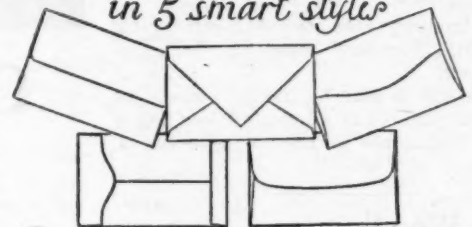
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National Magazine Subscribers' Story Contest

MANY of our readers are suggesting running stories again—insisting that the fiction feature of the NATIONAL was the right sort. This feature was abandoned some time ago, because we could not seem to get the right kind of stories to suit the requirements of our readers.

In looking over the files of the NATIONAL, we find it published the first stories of a large number of writers whose names are eminent today; notably Jack London, Lillian True Bryant, L. M. Montgomery, Ellis Parker Butler, Isabel Anderson, Virgie Roe, James Ball Naylor, Vance Thompson and many others.

We believe that among the readers of the NATIONAL there is a great deal of literary talent that will meet our requirements for good stories. We are therefore offering prizes amounting to \$50 a month for the two best stories of 3,000 words, to be written by a *subscriber* to the NATIONAL. The first prize will be \$35, the second \$15 and a life-time subscription. Many contributions are received from authors who apparently never read the NATIONAL, and who do not seem able to distinguish between the *Smart Set* and the *Christian Herald*. We feel that our own readers and subscribers to the NATIONAL are more likely to know the sort of stories desired than outsiders who are not familiar with the scope and character of the magazine.

We will gather around the hearthstone these winter nights and see what our own subscribers have to offer.

This offer will only continue for three months. We are making a test and a survey of the ability of the NATIONAL subscribers themselves to meet the demands for snappy, wide-awake, wholesome short stories attuned to the thought and spirit of the times.

To receive proper consideration, **BE SURE AND STATE THAT YOUR CONTRIBUTION** is to be entered for the **SUBSCRIBERS' STORY CONTEST**.

Enclose stamps for the return of manuscript, and it will be reviewed and promptly returned if it is not available for the magazine.

Now get busy and your fellow-subscribers will soon decide your fate as an author.

Address all contributions intended for this contest to

SUBSCRIBERS' STORY EDITOR
NATIONAL MAGAZINE
952 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Hon. Arthur B. Williams

Continued from page 308

Upon the death of Mr. Post, Mr. Williams became one of the executors of his estate settling up and distributing inheritances of more than twenty millions of dollars. One of the big tasks of this trust was that referred to where a vast tract of raw prairie land was divided up into farms of 160 acres, and provided with fences and buildings, where farmers took their families and worked out the problem of successful agriculture. Some failed, many won, some could not solve the problem, but others took their places, and within a few years practically the whole tract was covered with successful farmers who still live upon the farms purchased on long time indebtedness to the Post estate.

Business connections outside of the Postum Company include such positions as directorships in the Old National Bank of Battle Creek, the Enquirer-News Company, the Michigan Mutual Liability Company of Detroit and similar companies. Mr. Williams was elected president of the Michigan Manufacturers Association in April, 1922, and served one year.

Mr. Williams has participated in the affairs of a large number of clubs and social organizations. He is a Rotarian, a Knight of Pythias and a Mason of high degree. He is a member of the American Bar Association and of the Michigan State Bar Association. He is a member of the Academy of Political Science of New York, and of the Society of International Law of Washington.

Since 1900 Mr. Williams has been deeply interested in the development of good roads in Michigan. During that period he has been active in the Good Roads Association of Michigan, and since 1913, has been president of the association organized to promote a paved highway between Detroit and Chicago. His services to the State of Michigan along this line are part of the garment of achievement with which his commanding figure is clothed in the imagination of the people of his district.

She Mothers Many Millions

Continued from page 300

on their one holiday a week, and also making it safe for children to be able to go alone.

Theatres were getting too unbearably expensive, even for him who could afford to patronize the speculator. But because a man did not have time to buy tickets during the day and wanted choice seats when he went to the theatre at night, did not warrant that those who sold him his tickets should charge an enormous premium. Sophie Irene Loeb proposed the bill at Albany that no premium on any amusement could exceed fifty cents. After a third-year journey this proposition emerged from the labyrinth of discussion—a law.

Not many years ago, Miss Loeb had had a bill passed that took away the privilege of the private hack-stand from the hack-stand driver, the result of which today is more numerous and cheaper taxicabs. Her next move for the benefit of mankind was to see that the battalion which had grown from 6,000 to 16,000 taxicabs would be made safer. Another law has just been ratified, maintaining that no driver can assume his license without a \$10,000 bond. The Taxicab Bureau is now under the Police Commissioner.

Among a few other of Miss Loeb's movements has been investigation of the coal shortage for

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the United States government when she went to live among the miners for six months. Coupled with this just as eagerly is her desire that music is made accessible to children whom she feels has inherent talent. Her next step will probably be towards establishing a national institution of music where the best instruction will be given free of charge. Miss Loeb has also been instrumental in seeing that the State provides maternity care to indigent mothers, creating a Division of Maternity in the State Health Department. She has lately exercised her indignation towards profiteering landlords in aiding the passage of Housing Bills which has brought direct relief to many people.

The walls of her "back-parlor" are lined with trophies from the fray. As soon as another bill has been passed due to the strenuous efforts of Miss Loeb, the Governor tells his secretary to

mail her the document, the pen with which he signed the bill, attached. "I am anxious," wrote the Governor at one time, after the Child Welfare Bills had gone through, "that you have this pen as the only token of reward that I am able to bestow for the earnest energetic work that you did to make possible these enactments."

Sophie Irene Loeb is of the people, by the people, for the people. She mothers millions. Her joy is irrepressible. She is grateful for her blessings, boundless as those she has bestowed. A woman in the world, and of it, but not, too much. The remarkable thing about her is that she can retain her sweetness when she is forced to relinquish her seclusion. Other people's sadness makes her sad and makes her want to make them glad. Did you ever feel comfortable with anybody you loved? You feel comfortable with Sophie Irene Loeb.

Like the Peri at the Gate of Eden

Continued from page 303

know then whether anyone here was foreign born or American born. Beginning in 1820 laws were established under which there was at least an account kept of those arriving. From 1820 to the present time we have received in this country as immigrants approximately thirty-five million people, more than one-third of the present population of the United States, if they were all still living.

While thirty-five million have been registered as immigrants since 1820, there are about fourteen million now living in the country born outside of the United States.

The first restriction of immigration came in 1882, when Chinese labor was excluded. In 1892 a very strict law was passed which excluded the Chinese laborer only.

Up to 1880 the white immigrants came largely from Northern and Western Europe. They came here to stay and brought their families with them. They went on to land and became the pioneers and citizens who have had much to do with the development of the nation. Then the trend shifted toward Southern and Eastern Europe. In recent years about eighty-five per cent of our immigrants came from Southern and Eastern Europe.

In 1917 as a war measure the present immigration code was enacted which bars out all those mentally subnormal, all those afflicted with loathsome and contagious diseases, the physically defective who could not reside here without becoming public charges, all those convicted of crime in their own country, and all those who are enemies of organized government. In May, 1921, the first real limitation of immigration act was passed—"the three per cent quota law." The three per cent quota law means that beginning with the third of June, 1921, the total number of people who may come from any European country in any fiscal year cannot exceed three per cent of the people born in that country who were here when the census of 1910 was taken. The census of 1910 is the basis. If there were one hundred thousand people in this country who were born in Jugo-Slovakia, then only three thousand natives of that country can come in any one year, and only one-fifth of that total can come in any one month.

Some quotas are early exhausted. The South

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African quota was exhausted by one family of six the first month. This situation may require adjustment. There are a large number of aliens returning, so that immigration must now be figured on a net basis. They come over, earn enough money to establish themselves in their own country and then return, having nothing to do with the citizenship of the country where they earned their money. They live on the same standard on which they lived in the old country and do not adapt themselves in any way to the American ideals.

It was revealed during the war that out of four hundred thousand foreign-born soldiers between twenty-one and thirty-five years of age, about forty-five per cent of them had only reached the mental development of eleven years of age, and three hundred and five showed a mental age of nine or below. This indicates why there must be restrictions on immigration, for the great volume of tuberculosis found in blood is likely to contaminate the stream of national life blood with insanity and feeble mindedness.

We have long been advocates of preparedness and self defense, and self preservation comes first in keeping immigration on a line of defense for the future citizenship of the country.

When the dyke is open and the flood tide of immigration comes in strong, then begins the decline and fall of the empire, or radiating the cycles of history repeat themselves, for "the chain can be no stronger than its weakest link."

In the Glitter of the Footlights

Continued from page 319

Miss Janis's last appearance was her most delectable. She did a series of impersonations (of course her real forte), demonstrating to our universal delight just how Ethel Barrymore, Fanny Brice, Sam Bernard, George M. Cohan and Will Rogers would sing that complete working-model of contemporary civilization, "Yes, We Have No Bananas." To the subtle intonation, to the nicest bit of pantomime—her mimicry is correct. In this most exacting and difficult craft Miss Janis is unexcelled. She does not merely suggest the person she imitates; she *is* that person. Those few moments compensated for all of Mr. Bochco's fiddling and Mr. Verne's baritoneing.

To sum up: Miss Janis is a consummately skillful mimic. Never have we witnessed anything so perfect as her reincarnation of a third-rate Parisian music-hall singer. She has the power of creating a person, a locale and a mood. Her dancing and her "patter" seems to us the most transparent and annoying bluff. But withal, she does manage to snuggle into the affections of an audience. If she is contented to have a strong flavor of the Redpath Chatauqua about her concert, she can offer her present program throughout the length and breadth of these United States. And merely wink at the sophisticated as the little coins come-clinking in.

Trolley Line Linking Three Hundred Cities

Continued from page 322

Street Railway & Light Co., Danville; Danville & Eastern Illinois Ry.; Danville & Northern Railroad Co.; Danville & Southeastern Railway Co.; Decatur Railway & Light Co.; Galesburg Railway, Lighting & Power Co.; Galva Electric Light Co.; Jacksonville Railway & Light Co.; Kerens-Donnewald Coal Co.; Madison County Light & Power Co.; Monticello Electric Light Co.; Northern Illinois Light & Traction Co.; Peoria Railway Co.; Quincy Railway Co.; Southern Illinois Light & Power Co.; Urbana & Champaign Railway, Gas & Electric Co.; Urbana Light, Heat & Power Co.; Utility Gas Coal Co.

The above companies are designated as divisions of the Illinois Power and Light Corporation.

The following operating companies located in cities outside of the state of Illinois, with one exception, are included in the Illinois Power and Light Corporation but continue to carry their former company name: Omaha & Lincoln Railway & Light Co., Ralston, Nebraska; Topeka Railway & Light Co., Topeka, Kansas; Atchison Railway, Light & Power Co., Atchison, Kansas; Topeka Edison Co., Topeka, Kansas; Topeka, Kansas; Wichita Railroad & Light Co., Wichita, Kansas; Des Moines & Central Iowa Electric Co., Des Moines, Iowa; Des Moines Electric Co., Des Moines, Iowa; Colfax Electric Co., Colfax, Iowa; Mills County Power Co., Iowa; New Valley Junction Water & Light Co., Iowa; Oskaloosa & Buxton Electric Railway Co., Oskaloosa, Iowa; Oskaloosa Light & Fuel Co., Oskaloosa, Iowa; Oskaloosa Traction & Light Co., Oskaloosa, Iowa; Cairo Railway & Light Co., Cairo, Illinois; Cairo City Gas Co., Cairo, Illinois; Cairo Electric & Traction Co., Cairo, Illinois; Cairo & St. Louis Railway Co., Cairo, Illinois.

Operating companies of the Missouri Power & Light Company are: Jefferson City, Light, Heat & Power Co., Jefferson City, Missouri; North Missouri Light & Power Company, Ralls County, Missouri; Boonville Light, Heat & Power Co., Boonville, Missouri; Citizens Electric Company, Higbee, Missouri; The Huntsville Light & Power Company, Huntsville, Missouri; Adair County Light, Power & Ice Company, Kirksville, Missouri; Missouri Heat, Light & Power Company, Randolph County, Missouri; La Plata Light, Heat & Ice Company, La Plata, Missouri; Moberly Light & Power Company, Moberly, Missouri.

The company also acquired the Cahokia Gas & Oil Company and the Consumers Light & Power Company which supplies current to 15 towns in Oklahoma; the Wilson Ice Company; Wilson, Oklahoma; and the Washington Gas & Electric Company supplying electricity to ten towns in Ohio.

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Travel and Resort Section

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PERHAPS you have not yet quite decided *where* you want to go—in that case the NATIONAL MAGAZINE Travel Editor may be able to help you decide. He has been *everywhere*—in this country, in Europe, in the Orient—wherever the wandering tourist has set his foot. He has seen *everything* that is worth seeing in the world. He knows intimately hundreds of places you probably never even read about—never even dreamed existed: romantic, beautiful, entrancing nooks in the world's far corners where life is just one long lotus-tinted dream.

He can tell you anything you want to know about the *usual* or the *unusual* places that tourists visit: How to go—where to stay—what to see—how much time it will take—how much it will cost—what sort of clothes you should wear—what health precautions you should observe.

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The NATIONAL MAGAZINE is glad to place the advisory service of its Travel Editor entirely at your disposal, free of charge. No matter how long or how short a trip you have in mind—or how small or how large a sum you expect to spend—he can give you information that will either save you time or money or inconvenience, or enhance the comfort and enjoyment of your trip.

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Hawaii—Paradise of the Pacific

By DANIEL LOGAN, Author of "All About Hawaii"

Continued from page 315

career—mighty rivers of molten rock illuminating the island at night—over every obstacle to the sea. These flows overrun forests and blockade public roads, but though frequently in past years threatening towns, settlements and cultivated lands, have fortunately never done a great deal of damage. Once, nearly half a century ago, the town of Hilo was menaced, but the flow stopped when within a few yards of a sugar mill on the outskirts.

The active volcanoes on the island of Hawaii and the extinct crater Haleakala on Maui are now included in the United States National Park system.

Rainfall on "the big island" varies greatly, ranging from 353 inches a year in the upper Waipio valley to between twenty and sixty inches on the slopes of Hualalai. The only surface streams of water on the island are found along the northeast coast between Hilo and Kohala. Waipio river is the largest stream on the island, and has been partly developed for irrigation. At Kapoho, on the east point of the island, warm water flows from seams in the rocks. These warm springs discharge into a pool about one hundred feet long, twenty-five feet wide and twenty feet deep. The pool is entirely surrounded by rocks, and its color varies in shade from a beautiful blue to violet. Waiapele, or

Green Lake, is a body of fresh water in the pit of an old crater near Kapoho. It covers an area of about five acres and is fed by springs below the surface. A pumping plant takes water from this lake for domestic uses and for irrigation.

Maui, second largest island of the group, has an area of 728 square miles. Its greatest length is forty-seven miles from northwest to southeast, greatest width about twenty-five miles, and least width, across the isthmus connecting East and West Maui, six or seven miles. In a political way Maui is chief of a subgroup comprising Maui, Molokai, Lanai and Kahoolawe, situated about half way between Oahu on the northwest and Hawaii to the southeast, the three smaller

islands ranging in distance from Maui six miles for Kahoolawe, seven miles for Lanai, and eight miles for Molokai. These four islands constitute the county of Maui and a district for the election of members of the legislature.

Erosion has produced some picturesque valleys and canyons on the island of Maui that are probably unsurpassed anywhere else in the Hawaiian group. Most notable of these is Iao valley, whose broad amphitheater at the head is four thousand feet below the summit of Puu Kukui overlooking it. West Maui is much the



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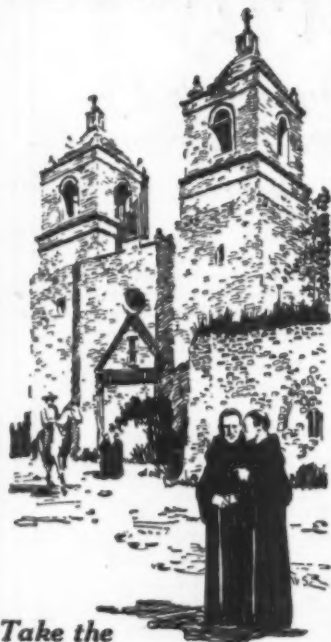
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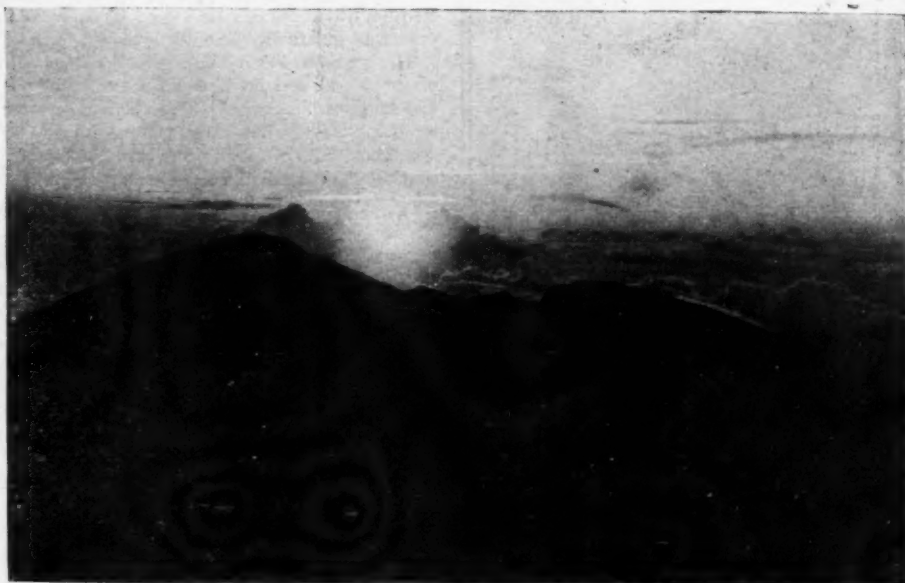
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southeast. The island is nearly forty miles long east and west, and six to nine miles wide, being fifth of the group in size and containing an area of 261 square miles.

The north side of Molokai is very rugged, especially along the eastern half. It consists of vertical cliffs one thousand to four thousand feet in height, which are cut by alcove valleys inaccessible except from the sea. The largest of these valleys are Pelekunu and Wailau, which reach half way through the island. Waikolu on the north and Halawa on the east side are other deep gulches. The highest point on Molokai (elevation 4,958 feet) is at the south end of the ridge between Pelekunu and Wailau valleys. It is said that the scenery along the northeast side of Molokai is the wildest in the group. Practically all the streams on the island are on the northeast side. There is considerable water in some of them, but it is in short, deep canyons at a comparatively low elevation. The water is used for irrigating taro in Pelekunu and Wailau valleys.

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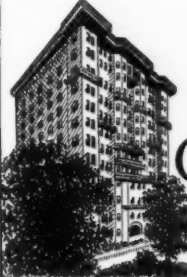
The Canadian-Australasian Royal Mail Line operates two steamers between Vancouver and Sydney, making a voyage in each direction every twenty-eight days, calling at Honolulu, Suva (Fiji) and Auckland (New Zealand).

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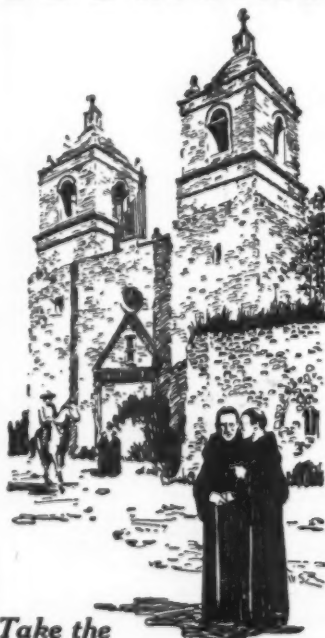
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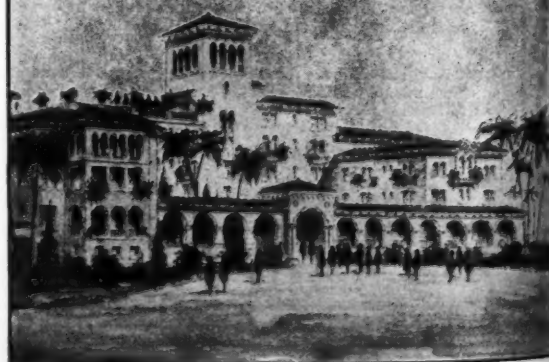
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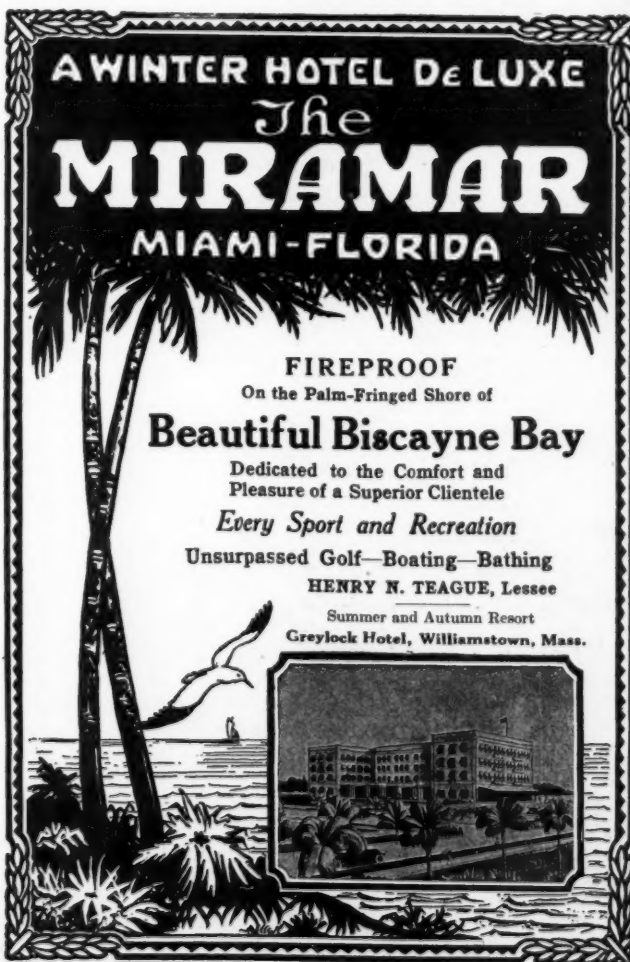
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Molokai belongs to the legislative, municipal, and judicial district comprising the islands of Maui, Molokai, Lanai, and Kahoolawe. It lies between Oahu on the northwest and Maui on the

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southeast. The island is nearly forty miles long east and west, and six to nine miles wide, being fifth of the group in size and containing an area of 261 square miles.

The north side of Molokai is very rugged, especially along the eastern half. It consists of vertical cliffs one thousand to four thousand feet in height, which are cut by alcove valleys inaccessible except from the sea. The largest of these valleys are Pelekunu and Wailau, which reach half way through the island. Waikolu on the north and Halawa on the east side are other deep gulches. The highest point on Molokai (elevation 4,958 feet) is at the south end of the ridge between Pelekunu and Wailau valleys. It is said that the scenery along the northeast side of Molokai is the wildest in the group. Practically all the streams on the island are on the northeast side. There is considerable water in some of them, but it is in short, deep canyons at a comparatively low elevation. The water is used for irrigating taro in Pelekunu and Wailau valleys.

How to Reach Hawaii

The Matson Navigation Company operates seven steamers in the direct passenger service between San Francisco and Honolulu. It also maintains a passenger steamer between San Francisco and Hilo.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, maintaining a line of eight passenger steamers between San Francisco and oriental ports, calling at Honolulu, also has two large passenger and freight boats running to Manila and the East Indies.

The Toyo Kisen Kaisha has five steamers in its service between San Francisco, China, and Japan, touching at Honolulu—four of the vessels of 20,000 tons and over, and three boats ranging from 14,000 to 18,500 tons on routes including China, Japan, Honolulu, Hilo, San Francisco, Mexico, Panama, and South America.

The Oceanic Steamship Company has two steamers between San Francisco and Sydney, by way of Honolulu and Pago Pago (Samoa).

The Canadian-Australasian Royal Mail Line operates two steamers between Vancouver and Sydney, making a voyage in each direction every twenty-eight days, calling at Honolulu, Suva (Fiji) and Auckland (New Zealand).

The China Mail Steamship Company has three steamers between San Francisco and oriental ports, carrying first, second and third-class passengers to and from Honolulu.

The Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company has a fleet of eleven steamers, maintaining regular schedules between Honolulu and the islands of Hawaii, Maui, Molokai and Kauai. Its Hilo and Kona routes are those taken by passengers for the Volcano.

There are 157 miles of passenger and freight railways on Oahu, 130 on Hawaii, 42 on Maui, and 19 on Kauai. Altogether, they carried more than 2,000,000 passengers in 1919.

Honolulu Rapid Transit & Land Company operates the only street railway in the territory. In 1919 it carried 15,225,168 fare and 158,268 free passengers.



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Dehydration is the Answer

Continued from page 304

quantities in these products of the orchard and garden. The natural sugars, iron and mineral salts needed to tone up the blood and keep up proper assimilation are to be had in just the right proportion.

Chicago, which is usually in the front rank in matters of progressive utility, has a new dehydration plant in course of installation which it is expected will revolutionize the trucking industry in Cook and Lake Counties.

This industry will be watched with keen interest not only by the farmers and gardeners of the Middle West but by financiers and business men generally, since it opens up a new field for investment and at the same time eventually bespeaks a lighter burden upon the home.

The plant is located at Norwood Park, which is in close proximity to one of the best vegetable growing districts in the United States. It is being equipped by the Mid-West Food Products Company, a subsidiary of the General Food Products Company of Chicago.

During an interview Alfred H. McComb, president of the General Food Products Company, who has spent many years on dehydration, and who is recognized as one of the foremost authorities on the subject, exhibited by far the best quality of dehydrated products the writer has ever seen, but refused to discuss his processes further than to say that they are different from any other known process even to such an extent

that if they should become known the common definition of dehydration would have to be changed.

J. P. Devine, President of the J. P. Devine Company of Buffalo, the recognized wizard on all forms of drying stated in a letter: "I am familiar with the McComb process and can assure you it is utilizing all the experience that has been obtained in this particular industry since its inception."

The writer learned that the McComb processes are based on the German system, but after a thorough study of the American systems the inventor has been able to go a step or two further than any known method. Just what these steps are Mr. McComb and Mr. Devine alone know, but if their importance is to be judged by the results obtained, as indicated by the finished product, these steps are most vital to the industry.

President McComb refuses to take full credit for the accomplishment, realizing that the results are too great for any one man to achieve, and insists that he is indebted beyond measure to such men as J. P. Devine, W. J. Waterman and others associated with him in this important undertaking.

Emerson says, "One of the greatest benefactors to mankind is he who can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before."

Likewise, the man or men who have devised some means whereby the maximum amount of nature's products may be utilized, and thus minimize the annual waste, must also be regarded as benefactors who deserve the plaudits of mankind.

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